

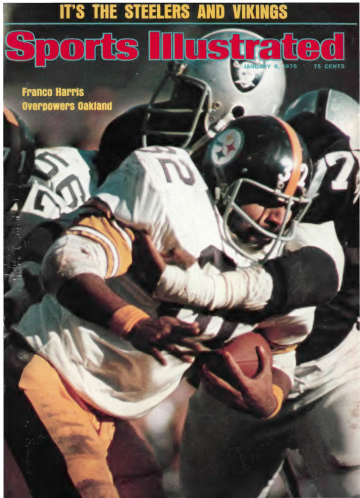
IT'S THE STEELERS AND VIKINGS

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 6, 1975

75 CENTS

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The Fuji could if man could. (Alas, man power has certain distinct disadvantages over horse power.)

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One of the few things in life that's in a class of its own.

Fuji.

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BIG BALL TILDEN was the greatest tennis player of his time but his life was flawed and tragic. Frank Deford begins a profile which follows him from Philadelphia's Main Line to a lonely death 60 years later in Los Angeles.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

STORM CLOUDS

For Commissioner Pete Rozelle this has not been a good year. The recent ruling of Federal District Judge William T. Swygert that the National Football League's player-reserve system violates antitrust laws is only the latest in a series of woes that have beset the league. These include rising costs, falling attendance, the players' strike, no-shows and, after Congress had acted to ensure the televising of home games, the ignominy of lower TV ratings.

But Rozelle is not the only one with problems—as anybody involved with the NFL could testify. As early as this month another federal judge may cause consternation in the ranks of all professional sports—and among owners and performers alike—if he rules in favor of an Internal Revenue Service attack on tax shelters. The NFL has indicated it will appeal Judge Swygert's decision. No doubt, an adverse finding in the IRS case would be appealed, too.

In that case, the government is questioning the value of \$183,000 put on each of 42 players the Atlanta Falcons selected in a draft when they came into the league in 1966. The IRS claims that management should not place any monetary value on personnel, if the major part of the cost of a franchise were its players, the team could amortize them over a period of time and pay no taxes while turning a profit, as the Falcons did. By depreciating nearly \$1.5 million worth of players in each of their first two years, the owners reported losses of half a million plus while actually taking in several hundred thousand dollars more than they paid out.

This kind of bookkeeping has had much to do with the proliferation of pro teams in recent years. Should it be struck down, the ramifications would be far-reaching. Franchises could fold, only those with a reasonable prospect of making a profit would be started and all those newly created free agents would find that the easy money is no longer there.

Rozelle and others in pro sport may have disliked 1974. Depending upon what happens in court, they may care even less for 1975.

TOPPED BY THE TIMBERS

Patty Johnson, this country's best woman hurdler, has won again—well, almost. Last winter she protested that only four of the 32 events at Los Angeles' Sunkist Invitational indoor meet were for women. The 1975 meet has scheduled eight. Just one drawback. No women's hurdles.

AROMA WITH A VIEW

The weather has cooled sufficiently in most parts of the country to safely re-sensitize a topic first raised—if that is not too indelicate a word—during the steamy days of Indian summer by the running physician, George Sheehan (SCORECARD, July 26, 1971, *et seq.*): namely, sweat. The doctor is for it, and none of your wispy-washy antiperspirants, deodorants or morning showers. The Saturday night bath is ablation enough.

Dr. Sheehan is talking about honest sweat, the kind worked up by distance runners and middle linebackers and puddies in steel mills. It is an odorless, dilute salt solution, the chemical composition of which has been duplicated in E.R.G., a drink used extensively by marathoners. To get rid of it, Dr. Sheehan recommends a daily change of clothes. After a sweaty workout on the roads he towels off, puts on his clothes and goes back to his patients, confident that they will never sniff out what he has been up to. Showers, he says, are time-consuming and can lead to a chill and complications.

But there is also dishonest, or nervous, sweat. It comes from the apocrine glands situated in such hair-bearing areas as the armpits, and can be triggered by emotional distress and crises. If the secretion of the glands does not bear an odor, it does provide an excellent culture medium for odor-forming bacteria. No need to let fear and anxiety and guilt lead you

to lavender bulbs, though, says Sheehan. "Just when I am about to punch the next person I see right in the nose, I take my daily run and return full of sweetness and light—and ready for a towel-off."

GODSPIEL

The assignment in a ninth-grade English class in Fort Dodge, Iowa was to write an original myth. Kyle Smith chose football as his subject, and until a more plausible explanation of the origin of the game of gods comes along, we will stick with his.

Before the creation, Kyle wrote, the universe was grass, stretching infinitely. A pig appeared, and ate so much he exploded. Out of his stomach appeared 22 men and a woman. They sewed the pig up and began kicking him around. Eventually the woman wove garments for the men to wear. She called them jerseys and, to tell the men apart, sewed numbers on their backs. The men were called gods. Soon there were other people. They were



called fans. After a while the 22 gods tired of their disorganized sport and began anew.

On the first day the chief god said, "Let there be chalk lines." And there were. "It ain't perfect," he said, "but it will have to do." On the next day there were goal posts, then a stadium ("Heck, it ain't no Astrodome, but we'll get by"), popcorn ("For a quarter you'd at least think they could put more butter on it") and on the fifth day a parking lot. A parking lot? "Of course. We can charge 50¢ an hour. We're gods, ain't we?"

On the sixth day the gods sat around

trying to think up a catchy name for their creation. "Gridiron," suggested a lesser deity. "Darkest name I ever heard," said the head god. "Good idea."

The gods played every day, and the stadium was packed with fans. ("Only males, mind you. The sole purpose of females in this perfect society was to stay home cooking and mending jerseys.") But attendance fell off, and the offerings dropped lower and lower.

"The fans don't worship us like they used to," said a god, "and if gods ain't worshiped they ain't gods."

"Maybe we should play just half of a year," said another god.

"How about once a week?" said still another.

"Why not both?" asked a fourth.

That is when the gods created the four seasons: fall and winter to play games, summer for preseason practice and spring for knee operations.

Their work done, the gods rested, and on the seventh day they played football.

SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

If National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell is serious about dampening the more riotous spirits in his game, he might like to review the penalty handed out to the St. Louis Blues' Bob Plager in a game last month. While the New York Rangers' Derek Sanderson quietly listened to a referee's explanation of why he and Plager would have to go to the penalty box, Plager suddenly bombed him with a hard shot to the street. Then Plager grabbed Sanderson's arm, to prevent any retaliation, and hit him at least three more solid shots. The penalty: two minutes for roughing.

Campbell should remember the game. It was the one that erupted toward the end in a bench-clearing, all-out war that lasted 22 minutes, two more than a full period. It is tempting to call the display one of the most disgraceful in the history of hockey, but there are so many to choose from these days, one hesitates to make comparisons.

THREE-ALARM CRISIS

We had hoped to spare you this, but what at first had been only nasty rumor is now proven fact. C. V. Wood, chief judge of the annual chili contest in Terlingua, Texas—who, mind you, won the event just three years ago—has admitted not only to using pork chops and chicken broth in his recipe, but celery. The Aus-

tin pod of the Chili Appreciat'ion Society International has demanded his ouster, and Frank X. Tolbert, director of the Terlingua cookoff, is really hot under the collar. Celery, indeed! The famed chili author and authority on that other cowboy delight, son-of-a-bitch stew, might even resign. Stalk out, one might say.

DON'T FENCE HER IN

If she turns out to be half as adept at fencing as at tilting legal windmills, Karen Christiano is going to make the boys on the Parsippany Hills (N.J.) High team wish they had gone out for something a lot less rugged, like football.

Karen, who turned 17 last month, had no intention of becoming a liberation leader. She just wanted to fence on the boys' team. And as various state agencies were soon to find out, when Karen starts something Karen finishes it.

The team accepted her, which would have ended things there, but the state interscholastic Athletic Association advised Parsippany that fencing was a contact sport. Girls in the Garden State do not play contact sports with boys. "Oh," said Karen, pointedly.

There followed a protracted duel with bureaucracy. Karen lobbied in Trenton, the state capital, and succeeded in having a bill passed that prohibited discrimination because of race, sex or national origin in all educational opportunities in New Jersey public high schools. The measure was signed into law last January, but the athletic association told Karen it would not act until it got official notice. The association never gets official notice, she soon discovered, so it was off to the courts with the help of a third-year law student at Rutgers. In December the association bucked off and changed its rules. Now if there are enough girls in a school to form, say, a basketball team, they will have one with equipment and coaching equal to the boys'. If there are not enough girls for a team, those who want to play basketball can go out for the boys' team. Since it applies to every association school in the state, whether it receives federal funds or not, the ruling is as strong as any yet in the country.

So how is Christiano's fencing coming along? Not well. There are five girls on the boys' team, but she is spending Mondays in Trenton setting up a program to train high school students as lobbyists. Since she feels it is unfair to her

teammates to regularly miss practice, she is going to help coach instead. Boys, watch out.

WINNING WAY TO LOSE

Butch Morgan may not make it in basketball, but as a teacher he soon could promote himself right out of his poor group.

Disturbed that his St. Joseph the Provider team of Rutland, Vt., was becoming too serious about winning, Coach Morgan took time—lots of time—to read to his squad an inspirational poem, *Dave's Quix*, before a game with Castleton State College. Not as infused with the muse as Morgan, the referee began to assess technical fouls for delaying the start of the game. By the time he finished, Morgan had assessed five technicals, but the lesson was thoroughly learned. Castleton made three of the five technicals, and St. Joseph lost 79-78.

WEIGHTY PROBLEM

Anybody out there considering reviving William Soreyan's *The Time of Your Life* could do worse than look up Ron Karp for the part of the marital pinball player who finally hits, sending the stage into a paroxysm of patriotic tunes and flashing lights. The only foreseeable problem with the casting is that young Ron might never leave, or if he did, he would be too heavy to push through the exits.

Ron is 13. He comes from Burlington, Calif., and after a pre-Christmas romp with the no-tilts, he is ready to claim any and all records for pinbuling. Over a stretch of 36 hours and three minutes Ron played 481 games on his chosen machine, the Gottlieb "Top Card," running up a total of 22,750,988 points. Winning replays as fast as he could pop the silver balls into firing position, he played the first 6½ hours on his original quarter, the price of one game. He had spent just 50¢ by game No. 211. Friends brought food to him, mostly corn dogs, pizza, Coke and candy, and therein lay the trouble. When he began play, Ron weighed 111 pounds. He was 138 when his mother hauled him away. Said Mrs. Karp, "We thought 36 hours was enough to prove his point."

THEY SAID IT

• Mike McCormack, Philadelphia Eagles coach, fearful that the Roudie Rule may be declared illegal: "I think it would turn football into a mercenary sport." **END**

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Entertainment

by MARK BONDYAN

MAKING SPORT OFF-BROADWAY: SOME PLAYERS SCORE, BUT IT'S HARDLY A HIT

There's a new game in town. Four players. Teams change constantly. Hard to tell who's winning. One thing's for sure, the audience comes out on the short end.

Mark Medoff's latest plunge into the sea of verbosity, *The Wager*, is now at New York's Eastside Playhouse. *The Wager* is one giant word game. At its best, it is both funny and confusing; at its worst, it is banal. Throughout, the humor hovers at collegiate level.

Well, it seems there's this wager. Leeds (Kristoffer Tabori) bets Ward (Kenneth Gilman) that within 48 hours of his seduction of a professor's wife, said professor will make an attempt—perhaps successful—on Ward's life. The seduction, apparently, is a foregone conclusion.

Leeds and Ward are California graduate students. Leeds in philosophy and Ward in physical education. They make unlikely roomies, which the set makes painfully obvious. Ward's side of the room is crammed with athletic equipment, trophies, even a basketball hoop. Leeds' corner overflows with books, papers and several board games—just in case we didn't get the point.

Ward is the consummate jock. No less than 100 (count 'em 100) sports are in evidence or discussed on stage. Ward's dialogue is punctuated by jump shots, drop shots and chip shots. Sex is just another sport.

The play revolves around Leeds, a verbal magician with Jabber-like idiosyncrasy. Where Ward is the master of sport, Leeds is the master of making sport. Tabori's Leeds is a tour de force, a delightful performance of gaudy range. Gilman carries the dumb jock too far; at one point, he emerges from bed in slippers. Not only that, but he fires darts from the illegal distance of four feet, and his girlfriend swing will warm the heart of every duffer.

The finale hit in *The Wager* is a one-on-one basketball game, played with an imaginary ball. Ward puts Ron (the professor) to shame, aided and abetted by Leeds who as the referee, calls traveling, charging and finally a technical against the bewildered Ron. Ron—the kind of guy who brags ducks with a semiautomatic gun—fails to see the humor and quits in disgust.

Like Ron, one can easily tire of the verbal gymnastics, no matter how agile the competitors, and before long the humor becomes stale. "When this quarter's over," says Ron near the end, "I'm going to Brazil." He should've left at halftime. *Sideshow!* **DB**



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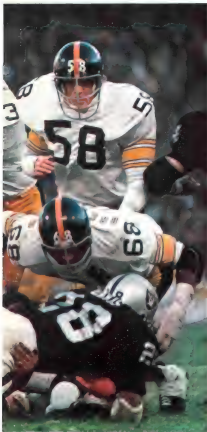
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Sports Illustrated
JANUARY 8, 1978

THIS DEFENSE



NEVER RESTED



Yielding a measly 29 yards on the ground, the Steelers upset Oakland to win their first title and a shot at the Vikings in the Super Bowl

by RON REID

After 42 years of winding up each season with a load of zilch, the Pittsburgh Steelers showed their new name last Sunday by winning their first meaningful title.

You all remember the Steelers, who opened for business back in the first acknowledged Depression and stumbled through the terms of seven U.S. Presidents and three or four wars without ever winning much more than a Kewpie doll for their trophy case. Well, the Same Old Steelers are finally, and profoundly, altered. They are the champions of the American Conference.

Pittsburgh did it with a 24-13 victory over the Oakland Raiders, pro football's most celebrated bridesmaid team and one that must again endure the old creak that no matter how great their season (and this year it was better than anyone's) the Raiders cannot win the big one. They were champions of the old AFL in 1967 but were trounced in Super Bowl II by Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers. They made the playoffs six times in the seven seasons since and have played for the AFL or AFC title five of those years. They lost all five times. If

continued

The Pittsburgh defenders were implacable. Steve Delget White (78), Joe Greene (75), Ernie Holmes (42), Jack Lambert (54) and L.C. Greenwood (88) cllobber Clarence Davis.



Terry Bradshaw, now the head coach of the Steelers, sprouts to the culture with an assist from Rocky Bleier, who gained 28 yards of his own.

NFL CHAMPIONSHIPS *continued*

Pittsburgh fans need a further high, they should know that every club that beat Oakland went on to win the Super Bowl.

In creating their lustrous reputation of the dreary past, the Steelers relied on an old football maxim: you score touchdowns with offense but you win championships with defense. For while they moved the ball impressively on the ground (224 yards) and adequately in the air, the key to the Steelers' victory was a defense that stopped the Raider rushing game more surely than a stone wall. Staring into the Raiders' strength and beating them on sheer muscle, the Steelers held Oakland's ground game to a scant 29 yards, thus pressuring Quarterback Ken Stabler, the Raiders' only real offensive gun, into passing against a defense that had no reason to play him honest.

"You got to force them to throw the football when they'd rather not," said linebacker Andy Russell, who had waited through 12 seasons to experience the nirvana that was Pittsburgh's locker room after the game. "They're a very patient team and they don't throw out their

game plan when things don't go right, but I think they got very nervous when they couldn't do what they wanted to against us. Stopping their running game was the key to the whole thing. Our coaches gave us an excellent scheme of stunting to their favorite plays. We played a defense called the Sound 4-3, which they hadn't seen us use in quite a while. And we didn't show them the 'stackover' (an alignment wherein Mean Joe Greene lined up over the center, on a bunt), so their preparation for that didn't help them any. They couldn't pull their guards as much as they like."

"They gave us nothing at all on the ground," admitted Oakland Coach John Madden. "Our passing was sufficient, but we just couldn't get the run going. I can't remember when our ground game was shut down that effectively."

The Steelers had no such trouble with Oakland's defense, as Chuck Noll's club controlled the line of scrimmage on both sides of the ball. With formidable blocking applied by Ray Marolf, Jim Clark and Gerry Mullins, the Steelers blazed the middle and outran the flanks. Franco Harris, Pittsburgh's power running star, had 111 yards and Rocky Bleier, the

Vietnam vet who had come home badly wounded, poked and writhed his way for 98 more.

And the snickers and jeers about Terry Bradshaw being a dumb quarterback were put to rest, perhaps forever. While Bradshaw performed less effectively than he had in his remarkable playoff effort against Buffalo a week earlier, he was neither flustered nor stymied by the over-worked Oakland defense, which he stung for 95 passing yards including a six-yard touchdown toss to rookie receiver Lynn Swann.

"Our game plan was to take it right at them," Bradshaw said. "We planned to run the ball, and our offensive line just blew those guys out. We should have scored more, but give the Raiders credit. They're a great team." Someone also may wish to give the officials credit. A highly questionable call on a Bradshaw pass to John Stallworth cost the Steelers another touchdown in the second quarter. Bradshaw added, "I probably could have thrown better today, but I wanted to use the pass as a control weapon, not as a big gun."

For all of Pittsburgh's predominance in score and statistics, the game was close

up to 1:14 from the end, and indeed it seemed likely to finish, as the Oakland-Miami thriller had, with Stabler snaking the Raiders to a last-ditch victory. The score was 17-13 Pittsburgh, but Stabler, who had thrown 26 touchdown passes during the regular season and four more against the Dolphins, seemed to have fate going for him. He had been sacked for a nine-yard loss, but Steeler cornerback J. T. Thomas was called for holding, and it was first and 10 for the Raiders on their own 32. Too often had Oakland fans seen the Snake wrest victory from apparent defeat in just such circumstances for any of them to leave the Oakland Coliseum for the consolation of a friendly neighborhood saloon. The crowd was waiting for another miracle.

But it didn't occur. Said Russell, "We told Thomas in the huddle, 'Don't let the officials intimidate you. Keep playing your aggressive game.'" Thomas, reassured, did just that. Stabler, pressured by the Steeler defense, lofted a pass that Thomas picked off—the third Pittsburgh interception—and returned 37 yards to the Oakland 24. Two plays later, with 52 seconds left, Harris blasted through the middle for 21 yards and his second touchdown, and the Steelers were New Orleans-bound.

"It's tough to come this far and lose," Madden said in the gloomy Raider locker room. "We had the feeling everything was going our way. We had the best record in the NFL, we beat Miami and we were playing at home."

The Raiders, who had a home record of 51-10-3 since opening Oakland Coliseum in 1966, apparently were traveling destiny's path through much of the season, and for a long while it appeared that luck had stayed with them against the Steelers. Despite several mistakes and a running game that produced no gain longer than four yards, they had a 3-3 standoff at halftime after three Steeler penetrations of the Oakland 10-yard line generated only a field goal. Having beaten Pittsburgh 17-0 in September, the Raiders came out for the second half expecting to win.

Madden, optimistic, had said before the game, "I think there will be more scoring this time. I think it will be more like our game with Miami. Pittsburgh's defense is very physical, and I think it will be a physical battle earlier and that

things will happen in the second half."

The Oakland expectations at no time looked higher than midway through the third quarter when, after a Pittsburgh punt, Stabler took his team to a touchdown by completing four of five passes for 76 yards. The big play of the drive was a 38-yard scoring pass to Cliff Branch, the human bullet Oakland uses as a wide receiver. Branch liked Cornerback Mel Bloert toward the middle of the field before simply outrunning him. It looked so easy, and now Oakland was leading 10-3.

But Oakland's touchdown was only a prelude to what Noll called the game's turning point. As though incensed by Branch's reception, Pittsburgh reacted with an eight-play, 41-yard march. For the fourth time, the Steelers moved inside the Oakland 10, but this time they were not to be frustrated, and Harris crunched in from the eight for the score. The extra point by Roy Gerula made it 10-10. Little more than three minutes later, after Jack Ham intercepted Stabler, the Steelers were inside the 10 again. This time Bradshaw rifled a pass to Swann at the back of the end zone to put Pittsburgh in the lead to stay.

"When you lose," Madden said, "you're open to anything they want to say about you. Until you win the Super Bowl, you have to just sit there and take it. You can't play a team like Pittsburgh and do just one thing. You have to mix the run with the pass and have confidence when you run. Winning means being the

best on the field that day. We weren't the best today."

"This was the culmination of what I have been working for ever since I came here," said Noll, who took the Steeler job at the same time Madden became Oakland's head man. "Our offense was super, the defense was super, the kicking game was great. We feel you win the big ones on basic fundamental football, and that's what we used. Even when we made mistakes in the first half, no one was discouraged." Then, referring to Assistant Coach Dick Hoak and Reserve Quarterback Joe Gilliam, Noll said, "We had a little something going for us today. We won the division on Dick's birthday and we won today on Joe's birthday. We'll have to switch somebody else's birthday to the Super Bowl."

As for Super Bowl IX, Madden said, "It will be a defensive battle. If it goes into overtime, they may play a week."

Which wouldn't upset Art Rooney, the Steelers' cheerful 73-year-old owner, who has rooted vainly for his club since he founded it in 1933, as long as Pittsburgh finally came out on top.

"Now that you've won it after 42 seasons," a reporter asked, "how do you plan to celebrate?"

"The same way we did when we were losing," Rooney said through his ever-present cigar. Then he admitted, "Well, in the old days we'd have a great celebration, but I took the pledge about 15 years ago and things are different now."

They sure are. Just look at the Steelers.

THE RAMS MADE GOATS OF THEMSELVES

by DAN JENKINS

The Minnesota Sticks and the Los Angeles Flakes brought back the Offense of the 1920s and the comedy of the Bedroom Farce last Sunday. The team from Los Angeles, nominally the Rams, made enough mistakes to allow the Sticks, otherwise known as the Vikings, to win by four or five touchdowns, but since the final score was only 14-10 Minnesota, it may have proved something about the National Conference. The Rams contributed to their defeat by losing three fumbles, throwing two interceptions, holding twice, posing illegally, being offside, getting a personal foul,

mishandling a punt, dropping at least two passes and letting Quarterback James Harris get dumped twice in succession—for a total minus of 29 yards—by the five-man rush on their last opportunity to pull the game out. There at the finish, with Carl Eller storming at him, Harris had nowhere to throw the ball but at the rolled-up tarpaulin behind him. We must now wonder whether the Vikings are actually good enough to beat the Punt, Pass and Kick winners, let alone the Pittsburgh Steelers. Oh, well, what can mankind do if God wants to keep testing him with dreary Super Bowls?

—continued—

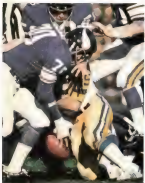
Up north last week there was considerable pregame talk about the home-field advantage Minnesota would have. This was when everyone expected the contest to unfold on a gridiron that would look like the tundra around the Alaska pipeline. The Vikings like to psych visitors by saying they enjoy the ice and snow, and they don't use heaters and hand-warmers on the sideline. But as Ram Coach Chuck Knox said, "Weather doesn't block and tackle." None of this turned out to be important because, oddly, it was a sunny 30° on Sunday in Bloomington and, as things go in Minnesota, a good day for golf, tennis, sweet-corner lecturing or even football. In the end, if the home-field advantage showed up anywhere it was in the officiating.

After all of the afternoon's errors and ineptitude, two calls against the Rams may have turned the game in favor of the Vikings. The first was against Ram Guard Tom Mack for being illegally in motion when it was second down and one inch to go for a Los Angeles touchdown that would have put the Rams ahead in the third quarter. Mack moved his down hand ever so slightly when he was in a three-point stance and Quarterback James Harris was in the process of calling signals. Alan Page charged across the

line, and the officials penalized the Rams five yards.

Two plays later, on third and two, Harris rolled out and threw a pass into the end zone that the Vikings' Jackie Wallace deflected and Wally Hilgenberg intercepted for a touchback. The poor Rams had traveled 98 yards in seven plays and had scored no points. The big gain in that drive was a 73-yard pass play from Harris to Harold Jackson, and it was a whole melodrama in itself. It began with Harris sliding around trying to avoid being tackled, escaping first from Roy Winston and then Elser. He finally found Jackson clear at the Ram 43, and hit him. Jackson ran this way and that. Stop, change direction, run again. Everyone was scattered. Harold steamed toward the left corner of the Minnesota goal, the Vikings' Jeff Wright, with a minimal angle, running for Jackson, New Orleans and his job. Wright managed to push Jackson out of bounds just short of the goal line, and Jeff later said, "If he had cut back, he'd have had me. I was praying he wouldn't."

When Minnesota Coach Bud Grant was asked what he was thinking about during the Jackson pass, catch and run—the game's only burst of excitement—Grant looked stoically into nowhere and said, "I was thinking, gee, I



hope we can catch the little fellow."

Mack, who had the unenviable job of trying to block Page, and was once caught holding, was basically infuriated about the motion penalty when the Rams were on the one-inch line.

"I didn't move," he said. "Page made a smart play. What did he have to lose, a half-inch penalty? He just charged across the line and pointed at me."

The other killer penalty against the Rams was just as questionable, and in its own way just as damaging. It was against Fred Dryer, the team's lead fline, and one of the game's quietest and best defensive ends. The situation: score 7-3 Minnesota at the beginning of the fourth quarter, Vikings at the Ram 12, third down and four. Obviously, a passing situation for Fran Tarkenton. He appeared to have enough time, but people were

Minnesota followed the bouncing ball. Jim Bertosen's fumble (far left) was one of five L.A. turnovers, but when the Vikings dropped the ball, the Rams' Al Clark couldn't find it.



Fourth-quarter leap left Dave Osborn atop a pile of Rams and Minnesota atop the NFL.

covered and here came Dreyer to smack Fran down back on the 20. It was the second time Dreyer had got him.

Oops. Hold it. Dreyer was called for being offside. One of his problems is that he gets out of his blocks so quickly he sometimes looks as if he is offside when he isn't. In any case, the penalty gave Minnesota a first down at the seven instead of the Vikings having to settle for a field goal. A couple of plays later, from the same one-inch line where the Rams had faltered, Dave Osborn leaped over the stack and got his body above the goal line long enough for it to count before he was clobbered back.

There had been no indication before the game that the Rams would play so badly on a day when the Vikings played just about the way they always do, which is steady and plodding. The Rams were loose and joking it up from their Friday night arrival until game time. They are comprised of a lot of free spirits, with people like Dreyer, who mimics his coach and used to live in a van; Lance Rentzel,

a best-selling author who often acts as Dreyer's master of ceremonies; Linebacker Jack Reynolds, who once saved his leg in half because Tennessee lost a game, thereby earning the nickname of "Hackaw"; Bill Curry, the president of the NFL Players Association; Harris, a black quarterback; Owner Carroll Rosenbloom, who also owns Warner Brothers; and General Manager Don Klosterman, who talks to his old Super Bowl ring (from the Baltimore days) and says, "I'll take it on line two." Joking, Dreyer imitated Chuck Knox, saying, "Ah, it's just a football game. The team that's ahead when it's over'll be the winner. We're just gonna put on that Riddell helmet and that Ram jersey and go out there and get it on."

At one point, about halfway through the second quarter, when it looked as if no team would ever get it on, much less score, and when the Rams were already bumbling the game away, most notably a fumble on first down at the Minnesota 20, the scoreboard flashed a message:

STRINGS WITH RAMS OWNER ROSENBLUM A SPEEDY RECOVERY.

Rosenbloom had not made the trip. He was in a Beverly Hills hospital after a mild heart attack. However, the unknowing in Metropolitan Stadium might have thought the scoreboard operator was talking about the Ram mistakes.

Los Angeles felt it would outwit Minnesota, and Tarkenton agreed afterward that the Ram defense was the best he had ever faced. Rentzel promised, "We may not win but our defense will make 'em bleed." Tarkenton really beat it only once, with a 25-yard touchdown pass to Jim Lush that opened the scoring. "They took almost everything away from us except some inside traps and the tight end," he said.

What the Rams overlooked is that the Minnesota defense, despite its age, is still a grand one. Eller and Jim Marshall and Winston and Page do not come on the way they once did, not regularly, not throughout the 14-game season. But they can still get up and produce a strong game now and then, and last Sunday's was one of them. The defense did break down in the fourth quarter when Harris hit Jackson with a 44-yard touchdown pass on a picture-book play, bringing the Rams up to 14-10. It had concluded a sudden drive—five plays, 65 yards—and the team that should have been leading by about 35 to 3 was miraculously back in the game with plenty of time left.

But two things kept the Rams out of it in the final nine minutes. When they took over the football in splendid field position, at the Minnesota 45, that was when those old Vikings came after James Harris. In a game of goofs and isches, defense tells, and in this instance Eller and Marshall—assisted by Bob Lurtsema and Doug Southernland—were younger and more relentless than ever and the Rams had to give up the ball.

With 5:37 left in the game Los Angeles was never to see it again. Minnesota kept it, though not necessarily on account of superior capability. The Rams had a few blunders left. Viking Running Back Chuck Foreman, for example, fumbled the ball forward about a mile and a half, and while several Rams should have had it, it wound up underneath Viking Lineman Charles Goodrum for a 21-yard gain. Typical of the day. Typical of the two teams. And, typically, the way to lose the Super Bowl.

END

ONLY HALF GOOD ISN'T HALF BAD

Louisville has played well just a fraction of the time, but that has been enough to stroke its opponents

by BARRY McDERMOTT

This is the season for disaster movies with happy endings, but even fire marshal Steve McQueen would not have enough hoses, asbestos raincoats or Smokey The Bear to put out the University of Louisville's version of *The Towering Inferno*. When it gets down to the closing scenes, the rangy Cardinals invariably burn their opponents.

Louisville's second-half blaze again was raging in Freedom Hall last week, singeing the field in the Citizen's Fidelity Holiday Classic, which was a hometown basketball tournament sponsored by a bank, not a Christmas party for patriots. In the last halves of tournament games against Western Kentucky and Florida State the Cards averaged 51.5 points, shot 53%, outscored the opposition 60-37 and looked like a team



MVP Murphy (20), unleashes Barton break.

with a thirst for first. The victories ran their record to 7-0 and suggested that maybe half good is not half bad.

In the tournament final against a boyish Florida State team that is going

grow into something big as soon as it gains experience, Louisville got rid of the yawns with about four minutes to go and scored 12 straight points to win 79-61. Until then its intent had been as difficult to divine as the lyrics of a rock opera. On the playgrounds they call it "half-steppin'," and the wincing style is symptomatic of Louisville's play this year. Part of the malaise can be traced to platoon substitution and an early-season itinerary that emulated Magellan's. The Cards have already played and won at Houston, Dayton, Florida State and Marquette. If anybody has trod a tougher road, come out, come out, whatever you are.

About 2001, when *The Godfather Part XX* is being shown on wrist TV and moonshiners are piloting rocket ships with baby shoes hanging from the rear shields, Louisville fans still might be reminiscing over this track of Cards. Their play has been like romance. When it's good, it's fantastic. When it's bad, it's still good.

When the good times roll, they add up

With the tournament won and the trophy in hand, the Cardinals, most of whom are rarely left sitting for long during games, lounge on the bench.



to quite an affair. The Cards have a child coach in 37-year-old Denny Crum, a 13-year-old infant center, three or four guys who play rhythm guitar on the score-board and the mark of a truly great team: a sensitive supervisor who at any moment is liable to take a vow of silence and become a vegetarian Zen mystic with bad knees and a hyperated nerve. Naturally all pre-coats worth their pocket tape recorders showed up at Freedom Hall to lie to each other, chart the tournament and put ciphers in their secret-agent codebooks.

The Cardinals were not the only attraction at the tournament. Purdue was ranked in the Top 20, Florida State will be and Western Kentucky had a band of Captain Marvel leapers who moved as fast as well-trunked tennis balls. A lot of people were interested in what Crum would say. The Louisville coach has a penchant for honesty and a contempt for tradition that make him sort of a cross between Lenny Bruce and Earl Butz. Criticize he has to open his mouth to tie his shoes, but anytime a man wins 80% of his games he can afford to be candid.

Florida State immediately showed what it could do by defeating Purdue 69-66 in the first round. The Seminoles went to the finals of the 1972 NCAA tournament, but all they have to show for it is the nefarious tug of outlaw. Since then, they have been the objects of calumny and contempt, and people have been circulating the canard that their student-athletes think Ben Franklin discovered electricity when his kite hit a power line. The facts are that Florida State has been 18-8 each of the last two seasons and largely ignored in the polls. The Seminoles have their share of bookworms and, under the tutelage of Coach Hugh Durham, play a disciplined style that was in vogue back when the cream in your coffee came from cows.

"It didn't come as any shock to us that we beat Purdue," said Durham. Carlton Byrd, a 5'8", 180-pound barnyardbird, hit four pressure free throws at the end, and the combination of Wayne Smith's defense and a bad ankle forced Purdue's floor leader Bruce Parkinson into a sear game. The Bolemakers had 11 days off before the tournament and found that they could not play on the 12th day of Christmas.

Western Kentucky was faced with the task of meeting Louisville in the other opening-round game. Coach Jim Rich-

ards tried a variety of gimmick defenses and a fast break that left spectators with sprained necks, but even if it had Gloria Swanson on its side Western would not have had enough wrinkles to beat Louisville. The Hilltoppers went to the pits at halftime to change tires and refuel, but they soon found out they were the ones being gassed. The Cardinals scored 58 points in the first 20 minutes and exited laughing by a 107-81 score, although their starters averaged only 20 minutes of playing time.

Part of Louisville's undulating play could be traced to Crum's free substitution. The starters have been on the floor for only 25 minutes a game as the coach has worked in a cast of extras large enough to put on a Hollywood epic. And it is a canon that Crum's teams specialize in languid performances during non-conference play. "We could be winless right now and still take the NCAA title," he says with a shrug. "We've got a lot of offense we haven't even put in and a lot of other stuff that's going to help us later in the year. We're going to get better if we were worried about our non-conference record we wouldn't play the teams we do on the road."

The victory over Western was almost overshadowed by the continuing saga of Wesley Cox, Louisville's sophomore controversy. Cox was burned several times early in the first half by the Hilltoppers' fast break and was yanked. Back in the game just before halftime, he made a couple of mental errors, and Crum angrily shouted at him from the bench. Cox snapped back, "Take me out." He sat on the bench the entire second half, boycotting the team huddles. Later Crum insisted that Cox had tested his ankle in practice a few days earlier and could not run at full speed, but there were suspicions of more serious problems, since Cox' reticence and shy, soft manner have been interpreted as moodiness. "I didn't read what is written about me," he said contritely the next day. "I know what the coaches are telling me is right."

Hugh Durham spent the hours before the final game back at the motel where he had his team sequestered about 15 miles from Freedom Hall. He railed about the lack of credit State was receiving for its win over Purdue, construed it as evidence that his players are not given recognition because they are not what he called "hot-shots" and talked strategy with his father Sam. Durham grew up in the Lou-

isville suburb of Lynden and attended Florida State, where he was in the same fraternity as Bart Reynolds. Durham is a fierce competitor who plays racquetball and badminton well enough to enter the state championships, and he was hoping that his team's budgeting defense would be strong enough to stop Louisville. Two weeks earlier, Florida State made the Cards nervous in Tallahassee before the visitors managed an 84-75 victory. You can tell when the Cards are nervous. They don't yawn as loudly.

Naturally the Cardinals looked sluggish in the first half against the Seminoles. Crum played 10 different men, and FSU's Larry Warren, who shoots jump shots both right- and left-handed, hit a couple from outside Big Ben's range to help hold Louisville to a 34-32 half-time lead.

Senior Bill Buntion has been all but convicted of child abuse by eager Cardinal fans because he is keeping freshman Center Ricky Gallon, who is barely old enough to have a driver's license, out of the starting lineup. But Buntion's rebounding and defense had ensured the Louisville lead by steadily forcing Florida State's game to the outside.

Allen Murphy, who scored 44 points in the two games and was named the tournament's Most Valuable Player, and Junior Bridgeman each scored a pair of buckets to start the second half, and the Cardinals crept ahead. Bridgeman is a psychology major, which brings up the question: Won't everyone shrink from an analyst named Junior? They probably won't if they are basketball fans, more than a few of whom have already had their heads turned by him. He was the MVP in the Missouri Valley Conference last year, and against Florida State made seven of eight shots and scored 18 points in 26 minutes.

Still, his team needed help from that long bench. Louisville slipped into foul trouble and four starters were out of service for much of the last half. The score was 47-61 with 4:29 left when Bridgeman, Murphy and Buntion returned, joined two minutes later by Cox. Then, with freshman Guard Rick Wilson getting loose for two fast-break baskets and a couple of assists by virtue of confusion in the Florida State secondary, Louisville outscored the Seminoles 12-0, and the game became history. "Taken beats you, and they're loaded with it," said Durham. He sounded bemused up.

END

WE MUST BE FRANK ABOUT HOT DOGS

The sedate new name is Freestyle, but skiers still relish falling out of the sky and you never sawge crazy stunts **by WILLIAM O. JOHNSON**

Considering the first stage of the act, it is hard to believe that the primeval Hot Dog down came to competitive skiing less than four years ago. It was back on March 30, 1971, when 120 madcaps assembled atop the bumps high on Aspen's Bell Mountain for the purpose of staging a series of howling show-off trips down the slope. The 5,000 spectators who turned out were treated to some fine foolishness, including one dervish who produced a chain of approximately 750 perfect, tiny turns in a single 3,000-foot run, and a whooping ski parolman who shot the entire mogul field pulling a bucking rescue toboggan, his partner riding a cowboy saddle lashed amidships. It was a frisky, exuberant day, filled with cornucos and wipe-outs.

Things have changed mightily since then. In fact, there are those who insist that the unbuttoned events that took place on Bell Mountain that day have now been formalized to the point where they are a legitimate sport. These same people, who happen to be those who stage the meets, stuffily contend that the term Hot Dog is lacking in dignity and should be replaced by Freestyle.

Two weeks ago the first official competition of the 1974-75 season occurred right next door to Bell Mountain at Aspen Highlands. It was called the U.S. Freestyle Open, and from the start it was clear that there has been an injection of mid-world methodology into the lunar landscape of Hot Dog skiing. The meet was conducted by a group with a suitable corporate label: Professional Freestyle Associates (PFA). Another indication of the sport's new maturity is that the PFA is only one of three groups bickering and buckbating over jurisdiction.

There were 60 competitors at the Open, 15 of them women. The standard freestyle competition now is composed of three events: aerials (involving flying stunts off jumps installed on the mountainside), ballet (dancing on skis to

music) and the bump-run (the event that most nearly resembles the oldtime crazy mogul runs at Bell Mountain). All judgments and scoring are subjective, and as in gymnastics and figure skating, the fairness of Hot Dog verdicts is frequently in dispute. Says vivacious Ginny Mohr, a top woman competitor, "You just have to be real philosophical and realize that the judging might not really prove anything for sure."

Fair enough. The players keep changing the script anyway. Bob Salerno, last year's top U.S. Hot Dogger, speaks solemnly about the evolving state of the art: "Man, I mean, you know, you get to working on one trick and, say, like you rise, and you go into something else you never did before. Well, then you get a new trick that doesn't even, like, have a name yet."

The confusion of the average onlooker is not greatly clarified by the fact that most Hot Dog tricks do have names. There are the Royal Helicopter, the Buck Moebius, the Outrigger and the 720. Also—the 360 with Mule Kick and Thumpers, Duffles, Log-Breakers and Quadruple Whanger-Dangers, which might include four tricks in fast sequence, such as a Twister followed by a Spread followed by a Duffy followed by a Tip-Drop. All of this is done while falling out of the sky. A skier may mold as many as 18 tricks in a single ballet routine, which usually lasts about 60 seconds over some 100 yards of gentle slope.

It would be tough enough to score such cosmic stuff if one were all alone on the hill with a computer. But Hot Dogging has an extra added attraction: the mountainside is filled with the constant blast of rock music exploding out of speakers. The M.C. of the meet was Bud Palmer, onetime basketball star and official grunter for New York City, who punctuated his trick-by-trick report with Yeeow! and Wileow! and augmented it with what now goes on record as the

longest mountain-top commercial in the evanescent history of ski merchandising.

"There he is," shrieked Palmer, "... poised at the top! His bindings are by Look Nevada... the skis are by Otis... the goggles by Smith and boots by... Yeeow! A Double Royal Helicopter off the jump... That won't hurt him with the judges, folks... The boots are by Scott and he's dressed by Bogner!... Here he comes... Yeeow! Wileow!... Look at the Buck Moebius! Don't forget, folks, there are Midas Muffler dealers coast-to-coast and they're mighty delighted to be bringing this competition to you... \$25,000 in prizes... Yeeow! Wileow!"

Midas Muffler? The \$25,000 prize money for men was indeed put up by the Midas International Corp., and the hill-sides around Aspen were alive with scarves—er, mufflers—and ski caps in the grand old company colors, black and gold. Ralph Weiger, Midas president, surveyed the spectators and performers, such a living billboard for his products, and sighed, "My God, what a merchandising coup!" The money for the women—\$15,000 for this competition and a total of \$90,000 for six contests this season—comes from the Colgate-Palmolive Co. as part of "our continuing commitment to the empowering aspirations of women and our desire to help them achieve equality in all forms of life."

Although sponsors had hoped that 30,000 spectators would show up for the three-day meet, there were never more than 300 or so on the hill. So, the skill and courage demanded by freestyle skiing are hard to ignore, and once the kinks of growing up are ironed out, a bright and exciting sport may yet be born. Last week's winners—Rick Wood and Ellen Post in the aerials, Scott Brookbank and Marion Post in the ballet, Jack Taylor and Karen Huntton in the bump-run and Bob Salerno and Genna Fuller in the combined—did not become overnight household words because of their victories. Yet the day might come when they will—particularly if someone finds a way to put the mustang back on the hot dogs, the original Bell Mountain brand. **END**

What goes up—John Johnson at near right, What Bill O'Leary of Top and Bob Salerno, definitely comes back down. Somewhere.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL MADON

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A DAME

Especially in the TV game called 'Superstars' in which the women, led by a galaxy of unknowns from volleyball, basketball and football, showed more competitiveness than their male predecessors **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

Just in case you missed it, what with Christmas and New Year's and President Jerry on skis, something happened the other day that will shake up the American way of life forever. Not incidentally, it could cause Denny Boyz to play out her option, Baby Yanny to declare herself a free agent and the remarkable Rub-A-Dub-Deby to retire and start a new career in color announcing.

Yes, even before our favorite plastic girls were brightening up the Yuletide, their counterparts in the wonderful world of real women were doing some things in the nearly empty Houston Astrodome

that may change the face of athletics for years to come. Male eyes may never be the same.

What happened was that Superstars resumed, this time with more television gimmickry than ever before, more confusion, characters, unbelievable performances, astounding failures and one broken yellow cowboat. Oh, yes, this time also with women. Women alone, or almost alone, since only 4,500 fans showed up to watch the live performance of this child of video tape, which will be telecast on Jan. 19.

There was Debbie Lawler, the motor-

cyclist, the female Evel Knievel, the Flying Angel, who wears her terrific flaming orange bra for luck. She broke her back a few months ago, but returned to vroom another day. Fine athlete, right? Well, she got zero points during the competition in which each participant chose seven events from a list of swimming, basketball, rowing, tennis, bowling, bicycling, softball throwing and three different foot races. Maybe her wondrous three-carat diamond ring got in the way, or perhaps she has been too busy pushing the Debbie Lawler toy motorcycle with "FTP—Turbine Tower of Power." The Flying Angel looked almost as bad in Superstars as Joe Frazier did last year. She didn't drown, but she wasn't exactly smokin' either. "I'm just here to lend glamour to the race," said Lawler.

And there were swimmer Debbie Meyer, golfer Sandy Palmer and jockey Robyn Smith. Famous sportsponors all, truly legendary Superstars whom we know and love and would expect to clean up in something like this, right? Well, Meyer got sick from jet lag after flying all the way from Manila. Palmer allowed with marvelous accuracy that the only things she was good at were "drinking beer and passin' out." And Smith, ever a bust except when it came to hurling a softball, kept saying, "Sonofabitch, this is a joke."

With the exception of Madame Super herself, Billie Jean King, most of the more famous women tumbled by the wayside. As in the men's competitions of the past two years, it was the unknowns from the less prestigious sports who dominated.

To qualify for the \$69,000 finals to be held Jan. 27-29 in Rotunda, Fla., the 23 women were divided into two divisions of supposedly equal ability, with the first six finishers in each earning the trip to Florida. While heavily favored Micki King, the semi-famous diver, won Group 1, most of the excitement and surprise came in Group 2, where 38-year-old Mary Jo Pepler, a tall



Gymnast Gailly Rigby took a shot at seven new sports and narrowly qualified for the finals.



Peppler/Star Peppler scaled a boat \$11,102.

volleyball player of sultry visage, and Karen Logan, 25, a basketball phenom composed of equal parts freckles and fire, emerged from the pack to fight it out for the \$10,000 first prize in their group.

Micki King admitted she had trained diligently, after the fashion of Bob Seagren, who has practically made Superstars his life's work. It paid off when she won four events—swimming, obstacle course, 60-yard sprint and the traditional 352-yard run—to score 58 points, each worth \$100, and beat out speed-skater Diane Holm, who won three events, and softball pitcher Joan Joyce for the \$10,000 prize in Group 1. That ran King's total winnings to \$15,800.

The other group was more wide open. Though Billie Jean and sprinter Wyomia Tyus were the big names, it quickly became necessary to investigate who Peppler, Logan and football quarterback Barbara O'Brian really are.

It turned out that O'Brien, who "mainly splices cables and climbs poles" for the telephone company, is a signal caller for the Dallas Bluebonnets. Although the team paid her the lousy sum of \$70 for the entire '73 season and even less this year, O'Brien's owner forced her to sign a contract granting him 50% of her earnings at Superstars. Those came to \$2,900 as O'Brien finished fourth in Group 2 with 25 points.

Peppler, who was rowing, swimming,

bicycling and the softball throw with a heave that nearly crashed through the Dome, is a world-class spiker. "I'm talking about strococong," said her coach, Wayne Vandenburg. She is an alumna of Sul Ross State and player-assistant coach of the El Paso/Juarez Sols. "I'm a nobody here, but I could be elected mayor of Bourgas, Bulgaria, where I was chosen best-in-world at the Volleyball World Games in 1970," she said. "From what I've seen, five of my teammates could sweep this field."

Logan, the star forward of the Pink Panthers' basketball team, an offspring of the touring Redhots, had similar ideas after casing the opposition. "I thought I'd come down here and be out of my league," she said. "Now I think maybe I'm gonna be somebody."

The elements that made this Superstars in some ways infinitely more interesting than the men's were not only the camaraderie and fetching byplay of the contestants, but a bristling competitiveness that for some reason, perhaps a fear of losing cool, has been lacking in men's Superstars. Barry Warner, a scout for the Oakland Raiders, said admiringly, "This is a bunch of first-round draft choices in any sport."

It worried everyone, with the exception of The Flying Angel and the El Mayor, thought she could win. Or, at least, do very well. Even Smith, who might have made the finals if she had been allowed to whip Secretariat through seven events, thought she had a shot.

There was all that self-confidence because no women's sports underground exists. Unlike male athletics, where every baseball player seems to have buddies in the NFL, PGA and WTT, most of the women were complete strangers. Some had not even heard of the other performers. Micki King put the whole thing in perspective when she said, "This is the sad part about women's sports and why we're powerless. Live us all up and not even we can pick out who we are."

Both Kings agreed that an important facet of the competition was the meeting of the minds, the socializing, the sharing of ideas among women from all walks of jockedom. "Huh, that's one of the four interesting parts about this," said Smith, who had a tendency to linger on the fringes, consulting with her lawyer, Leonard Maibish. "I don't want to meet any of these women. I want to meet men."



Cycling surfer Ching looked simply "chicky."

It seemed all of the women would rather have met a man than the like Logan, who arrived late for practice yet proceeded to show that in tennis, for example, she not only would win, but probably would have overwhelmed the male Superstar field as well. At a cocktail party the night before the competition, Logan was a subject of concern. "I haven't even seen her and I hate her," said Paula Sperber, sometimes known as Bowling's Blonde Bombshell.

"I'm throwing olives at her head," O'Brien added. "Better yet, let's get Louie to run her over with the cycle."

continued



B.J. and J.C. floundered during the boating.



Bushnell's Logan on the ladder to success.

SUPERWOMEN continued

"How tacky," said Lawler. "Why don't you just punch her out?"

Of course, they were kidding, right? Sperber ended up giving Logan a good match in the Group 2 tennis final, losing 6-3, and later Peppier, a magnificent athlete, drafted skillfully and then came from behind to punt Logan in a thrilling bicycle finish. "She's the strongest woman I've ever seen," said Logan. After both stumbled in the obstacle course, Peppier came away with the overall first prize in their group, winning \$15,300 and the favorite's role in the finals at Rotunda.

To the dismay of many competitors, also in Florida will be the dazzling Laura Blears Ching, a 23-year-old Hawaiian waitress who is the best female surfer in the world and commanded chauvinistic attention in Houston because of her alluring figure. "She ain't your basic Tom Sawyer," Sperber conceded.

The earthy Ching brought along her father, Lord James Blears ("The famous Lord Tully Ho, former world's lightweight wrestling champion"), her husband, Ben Ching ("My name is Cyrus Mock Halasani Ching, man. Ben? I eat bonbons, man."), a full-size Hawaiian flag and several thousand puka shell necklaces. She qualified for Florida by ending up sixth in Group 1, but more

impressive were her soulfulness, her John Lennon vocabulary and the fact that she will soon be seen in an altogether different magazine. On her board. In the altogether.

"I dig posing nude, man," said Ching. "It's a downer when people think chicks who do sports aren't chicks enough. It's a trip being a chick, man. A groove. Superiors? Far out, man."

But even the likes of Ching could not entirely upstage Billie Jean King, who was returning to the scene of her most glorious conquest, otherwise known as Riggs' Last Stand. B.J. psyched herself by claiming she was "in with some real dogs," and finished fifth in Peppier's group to easily qualify for the finals. She even won the basketball shooting event, upsetting the volleyball player in a sudden-death playoff.

There was a tense, climactic struggle between Sperber and Cully Rigby for Group 2's last qualifying spot. The 4'11" gymnast finally defeated the bowler by a bare half-point when she chugged through the hazardous obstacle course and nailed third place in the event behind sprinter Tyus, who finished third in the group, and Barbara Ferrell, a nonqualifier.

It was questionable whether the golfers would have won so much in a chug-alug. Jane Blalock had the worst lack of the tournament, and effervescent Palmer kept missing the cut in every event and howling, "I'm so glad I got a job."

As for the rowing event, it was Superstars at its nonsensical worst—or best. The race was held 50 miles from Houston on Lake Conroe, to which the women were carted in a bus early one morning. "The last time I was in a boat, I stayed the night," said Palmer.

The officials should have become suspicious when Peppier and Joyce kept breaking their oarlocks in practice. Sure enough, when Ching set off as the first contestant in her yellow boat, her oars popped out. She made another run, then another, and they resulted in breakdowns. "Get her a motor," screamed spectators, raising their paper cups.

From there the competition had nowhere to go but down. Equipment failures mounted in the darkest hour for J.C. Pernsey, which supplied the boats. Tyus speared a buoy with her oar. Ferrell fell backwards in her boat. B.J. King drifted in circles. Smith inherited Ching's wayward yellow vessel, tried twice, failed

twice, complained and then gave up. "Next time get your boats at Sears," she snickered, and went off to play golf. Golf wasn't even in the competition. "I really can," Smith said.

"I just figured this out," said Marilyn Penston of *The Chicago Tribune*. "ABC only gets its kicks when the girls look like fools. This is the worst exploitation of women yet."

Meanwhile, back at the softball throw, Blalock unleashed a long one and earned second place behind Holman in the event. Almost earned a second, that is. On the sideline, Smith was saying to her lawyer, "Damn, Leonard, she fouled. She jumped way over the line. What is this?"

Maizlish rushed over to Superstars Director Barry Frank and esteemed Line Judge Don Wilson, a pitcher for the Astros. "I'm filing a protest," said Maizlish. "Blalock was over the line. She's disqualified."

Frank looked at Wilson. The esteemed line judge suddenly looked very tired. Wilson looked for honorary Superstars Chief Umpire Walt Cunningham, formerly an astronaut. Cunningham was down the track shaking his triangle crew cut. Wilson said yes, Blalock had stepped over the line.

Immediately B.J. King realized that if Blalock's throw was disallowed, whatever chance her friend had of reaching the finals in Florida would be gone. "What is this?" King cried. "The judges were told to be lenient about this stuff. Kiki Carter footfaults in tennis all day. O'Brien was over the line in bowling. The rowing was a total screw-up. Now you're getting technical!"

Donna de Varona of ABC asked Wilson why he didn't call the foul earlier. "Why, why?" she demanded.

"It was supposed to raise a flag for a foul," Wilson said. "Nobody gave me a flag."

"I'm arguing that you called the foul too late," de Varona said.

A meet official warned de Varona that she should not argue, that she should report.

"I'm not arguing. I'm investigating. I'm an investigative reporter," de Varona snapped.

"I need this," Wilson said.

"What an unbelievable bunch of garbage," King decided.

On which note the latest version of Superstars reached its zenith. All hands should have been glad they had jobs. **END**

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It was only to watch and maybe make a rupee or two that 8-year-old Hashim perched on the squash court wall that day 50 years ago, never realizing he would found a dynasty

THE PAKISTANI KHAN GAME

by MELVIN MADDOCKS

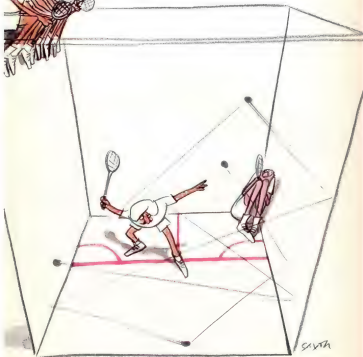
Imagine that Red Laver had a father, Big Rocket, an even better player than son at son's best. And a younger brother, too, Little Rocket, who could take Rod on the days when his first serve was not behaving. Oh yes, and an uncle, Old Smoothie Laver, an absolutely flawless stylist; he could kill you with finesse. To say nothing of a couple of wild, scrambling ones—known as The Great Laver Retrievers. Red hair flopping over the eyes—that sort of thing. They could outlast everybody, except, of course, their uncle, their father and Rod. The family, so our little fantasy goes, totally dominated world tennis from 1950 to the present.

The reader must allow only for understatement. Something very like this has happened in the far less publicized world of squash. For a quarter of a century squash racquets, the blue-blood sport of British Army officers and Ivy Leaguers, has been played by a Pakistani family named Khan as if it had invented the game. Seldom has success composed so monotonous a plot. Consider just the North American Open, squash's equivalent of Forest Hills. Since 1958 only two American players have managed to win the tournament: G. Dicki Mateer Jr. in 1959 and Ralph E. Howe in 1967. Otherwise the Khans have made the North American Open a closed affair. Only the first name changes: Hashim Khan (1956, 1957, 1963); Roshan Khan (1958, 1960, 1961); Azam Khan (1962); Mohibullah Khan (1964, 1965, 1966, 1968); Sharif Khan (1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974).

How did this odd couple—American squash and Pakistani champions—get together? Like any proper Eastern legend, the story takes a bit of spinning. It starts half a century ago with a bright-eyed 8-year-old boy walking the two miles from his native village of Nawakille to Peshawar, Peshawar, a walled city with 16 gates situated about 40 miles from the Khyber Pass, in the capital of the old Northwest Frontier province, made famous by Rud-

continued





SIXTH

Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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Almost every skier up here today has a gimmick. Find the one who doesn't.
1. Nope. He's Sanford R. Brochard, resort owner.

Gimmick: Every westerner admits "two inches of powder is comin'!" (It's his wife—wearing heavy make-up.) Just bought some super-cool menthol cigarettes, and they turned to dust.
2. She's Athena Home. Gimmick: Stretch pants so tight she mends them with spray paint. Thinks a ski pole is an athletic from Warsaw. **3.** An adorable snowman. **4.** No, he's

Soyor U. Dunn, beginner. This is like a man being affected by a lumber yard. Has been picked up so often by ski patrol, they've sewn a handle on his jacket. His filter cigarette's taste is recessed so far it needs lift tickets to bring it out. **5.** Right. He likes to put on skis—not his fellow skiers. Wants his cigarette without fancy lads and gimmicks, too. Camel Filters. No nonsense. Just good taste and great tobacco. **6.** He's Gay Abandon. Ski model. He's either wearing a huge fur hat—or his head is unraveling. Thinks a giant skisalon is something you buy in an Italian deli.
7. A pigeon, on his way to a formal dance.

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yard Kipling and late-night movies like *Gunga Din*. In the old quarter, Pathan tribesmen, from whom the Khans are descended, still stroll the streets, wearing gus in their belts and flowers in their hair. In the British quarter in the 1920s there are lawns, parks, gravel walks—the little bit of England of Englishmen in exile. And, to be sure, the British officers' club with its bar, its billiard rooms, its lawn tennis and squash courts.

The January temperature in Peshawar averages around 50°. The annual rainfall is only about 15 inches. The squash courts of 50 years ago are uncovered. The walls are brick, coated by plaster. There are steps in the back wall. That 8-year-old boy, Hashim Khan, climbs those steps, perches on the wall, and sees his first squash. When a ball flies over the wall, the "British officers do not run out little back door," Hashim recalled over 40 years later in his charming as-told-to-book, *Squash Rackets: The Khan Game*. "They stand and look up to smile at me." Thus the first and foremost of the Khans becomes a ball boy for five ruppes a month—about \$1.

Around five o'clock the officers repair to the showers and the bar. Hashim comes down off the wall and plays. When the moon is high and bright, he plays far into the evening: Hashim vs. Hashim. "I stand in back and stroke ball very soft to front. True, that other Hashim knows where ball is going, I cannot keep this secret from him. Still he runs like a hare to arrive before the second bounce. Ah, he succeeds! . . . back . . . front . . . left . . . right . . . always running, stroking, running."

With cheerful realism Hashim, fatherless at 11, commits himself to squash: "It is wrong to be here in this school, I think. . . . Nothing here helps me. But on courts, I can learn, someday I can make money this way. Look at professional English officers give them a salary to teach them game that comes from England."

Miraculous and unpredictable were the ways of colonialism. Young Hashim mauls his living stringing rackets, resting himself out as playing partner. Jernoping. He was 28 when he became the squash pro to the British Air Officers' mess in Peshawar, his first steady job. If it were not for partition—Pakistan separating from India in 1947—Hashim might have remained a local legend: the man who gave Bombay's No. 2 amateur

a handicap of 50 points and still beat him. But when Pakistan became a member of the British Commonwealth, the new nation needed all the status symbols it could collect, including sports trophies. The Khans—a small tribe of ex-warriors in white shorts, piped shirts and sneakers, armed with rackets nine inches wide and balls weighing less than an ounce—were brought down from the hills and shipped overseas to conquer the kingdom of squash.

And so a saga began. At the advanced age of 33, Hashim began the winner's record the Khans live by, which they seem to have been ordained at birth to continue. Hashim's dossier includes eight Scottish Open championships (in five of them cousin Asam was runner-up; in a sixth, nephew Mohibullah was) and seven British Opens. Hashim won in all the places where the sun ever set on the Union Jack (including Australia and New Zealand), then kept on going. In 1954 he visited the U.S. for the first time. It took Hashim, and later the other Khans, just about a year to master the American version of the game. The English ball is softer—more squishable—and the English court larger. "In London," Hashim says, "you run more." And so in 1955, at the age of 40, he won the U.S. Professional championship. After reaching 45 he won three Canadian Open championships.

With his shaven head, large eyes and strong aquiline nose, Hashim—now 59 by his count, 60-plus by other people's—looks what he is: the patriarch of the family and the epic hero in the 20th-century history of squash. He is to his game what Bill Tilden is to tennis, Bobby Jones to golf, Babe Ruth to baseball. The difference is, he still lives, a flesh-and-blood monument. He has been described in the low-keyed pages of *The New Yorker* by Herbert Warren Wind, a man not given to hyperbole, as "the greatest athlete for his age the world has ever seen."

Father, uncle, patriarch—what an inspiration and what a burden! How Hashim, or rather the ghost of that small boy scuffling in the Peshawar moonlight, must haunt the second-generation Khans. God is not dead. He is alive and the pro at the Denver Athletic Club.

"Back . . . front . . . left . . . right . . . always running, stroking, running." Will the game of Hashim vs. Hashim ever stop and let the other Khans rest? For instance Mohibullah, Hashim's nephew,

pro for the past 11 years at the Harvard Club of Boston.

"Mo" Khan, now 36, is a brilliant study in adaptation without surrender to an atmosphere that can overwhelm even native-born Americans: the Ivy League ambience. If Harvard men thought you would believe them, they would claim the red lines on squash courts as their college colors. Dark wood paneling, crimson carpeting and maroon leather sofas surround a Harvard Club squash player with the style he is accustomed to as he strolls toward his match. Even the primly framed signs (NO DRINKING GLASSES BEYOND THIS POINT) seem to instruct with a Harvard accent.

Mo Khan manages to fit into all this as if it were a stage setting especially designed for him. He is a short, stocky, agreeable man with the look of a Pakistani Rod Stieger. His eyes give the impression of missing nothing. He moves quickly, carefully. There is a royal ease to Mo, but it is the air of a perennial prince regent rather than a king. He has accepted the assigned duty of the Khan dynasty, gracefully but with a hint of concealed rebellion.

Uncle Hashim has said Mo possesses the largest repertoire of shots of any Khan. Cousin Sharif marvels over Mo's touch ("The best of anybody"). Mo won his first major title, the Scottish Open, before he was 20. Now at the age when Hashim was just beginning, he says to his uncle, only half joking, "Gee, Uncle Hashim, when are you going to retire so the rest of us can?"

Mo may never have wanted to pay the price to be another Hashim. He likes, he says a bit defiantly, "a good time." What he means is: *There is more to life than squash—the ultimate Khan heresy.* But can he say it as long as Uncle Hashim lives?

At the distance of a 10-minute jog from Mo, his younger brother Gul, 23, works as pro at the University Club of Boston. In the round-robin at Bethlehem, Pa. last January, Gul defeated his cousin Sharif in a 2½-hour match—the first time Sharif had been beaten in a tournament in four years.

"Gul could be the greatest Khan of them all," one veteran squash pro says, "if he could manage the personal discipline." A member of the Playboy Club, Gul is appealingly innocent about his pursuit of *la dolce vita*. He belongs to the generation that was Americanized prac-

tically in the cradle. At the University of Karachi he played drums in a rock group and knew all there was to learn about Western civilization from cowboy movies and James Bond. Gul delights in money and what it buys. "Lovely, Oh Lord, this fleeting world," wrote Muhammad Iqbal, Pakistan's most famous poet. These swinging and generous-hearted words ought to be embroidered on Gul's T shirt.

If Mo represents the second-generation past and Gul represents, possibly, the second-generation future, Sharif is the reigning Khan of the moment.

At 5'9" and 155 pounds he is taller and slimmer than his father Hashim and his cousin Mo and Gul. But more than any of the second-generation Khans, he has inherited Hashim's sense of a calling. "Squash," he says, "is a way of life to me, almost a religion—though a religion I don't intend to get obsessed with."

Sharif's will to win, a quieter version of Hashim's ebullient competitiveness, may be traced to a scene comparable to that featuring his father at eight on the road to Peshawar. At 11, knowing no English, only Pakhru, Sharif was placed in that institution even Englishmen have trouble surviving: a British public school. "He cries for a long time in this school," his father admitted. Here, presumably, as on the courts at Peshawar, another young Khan learned that an outsider does not survive by surviving, but by winning. Before he finished school, Sharif had won the British Junior Amateur championship twice.

Pushing 30, Sharif believes he is slowing. But he is still faster than everybody else. If he has a weakness it may be a tendency to let down, almost from disappointment, when an opponent fails to keep up with him.

There are more Khans—among them Sharif's younger brother Aziz, 23 (Hashim is a patriarch in every sense of the word; he has 11 children.) Aziz succeeded his father as the pro at Detroit's Uptown Athletic Club and then moved on to the Mississauga Racquet Club in Toronto. "He plays a beautiful game," in the words of an admiring fellow pro who, as a true buff, scores his sport in terms of esthetics as well as points. Aziz simply can't take squash as seriously as Hashim. Who could?

Yet the second-generation Khans are their fathers' sons. Scattered across the continent, divided by generations and

gaps within generations, varied in lifestyle, the Khans retain their family identity on the squash court and reserve a special kind of game for one another.

Against non-Khans, the Khans open up the whole bag of tricks, from jabs to drop shots, dazzling the enemy out of its socks. But how can a Khan con a Khan? Against another Khan, the rule is to play "tight squash"—alley shots executed over the opponent-Khan's shoulder, around his back, under his legs.

There is a suspicion that the Khans are capable of staging eldritch somasmas among themselves. One fellow pro says: "In the days when British prestige was still the prestige, Hashim won the English tournaments. Roshan monopolized the Canadian tournaments and Mo had a mysterious way of always winning in Scotland. It was as if they divided up the squash world into ruling territories."

In 1980, the tale goes, when Hashim and Mo were playing in the final of the Canadian Open, a pool was organized. The winner would receive \$250. The object: to guess the total point score. Arthur Scornbor, a Detroit businessman, told his very good friends, the Khans, that he held the number 174. When the match was over—you guessed it—the total was 174 points on the nose.

Has such lordly toying ever been possible at championship levels in any other sport—such deliberate, even insulting scripting of myths during the heat of battle? Needless to say, it is always open season on the Khans. And somebody invariably thinks he has discovered the secret weapon with which to defeat them, most recently Victor Niederhoffer, the No. 1 American amateur. A Harvard graduate and self-styled "student of caputines" whose hobby is collecting mechanical banks, Niederhoffer is a blunt, even abrasive, man who predicted he would beat Sharif in the latest North American Open. "I'm pretty tough," was the way he put it. "I don't think he is as tough as I am." While Vic was aiming at Sharif, a non-Khan ambushed him on the way to the finals, thus illustrating another Niederhoffer saying: "Squash teaches you the virtue of persistence."

How do the Khans win? And win. And win. Everybody, including the Khans, seems to have a different theory. One Khan watcher explains: slow heartbeats. Another says: high altitude. When a lowland American punts, Khan mountain lungs remain full.

Hashim has a notion that when you begin squash young enough (the starting age for a Khan is around eight) the mechanics of the strokes, the strategies of the game become second nature. "I hit the ball to one spot maybe 100, 200 times," he says. "After a while it is like the court moves inside my head. I can close my eyes and see everything."

The Thinking Athlete is very much in vogue these days and the Khans are thinkers. Here is Mo: "It takes me eight or 10 minutes to figure out an opponent's game. If he wants it fast, I play slow. If he wants it slow, I play fast. If he likes the cross-court, I play alley shots." Hashim has confessed to lobbing into the lights when playing an opponent who wears glasses.

Sharif stresses patience. Americans, he explains, are inclined to go for the kill—the three-wall shot, the nick shot that must hit the corner dead on, or else. The Khans, he says, play a safer game, a retrieving game, a game of attrition. They wait for an opponent's mistake. They play American squash in the British style, depending upon what all Khans (and most opponents) believe to be their superior God-given stamina.

"Conditioning" is a mystique word among squash players. Niederhoffer says flatly of his sport: "It is too much conditioning." Yet he runs a couple of miles a day and puts himself through an ordeal of push-ups, sit-ups and special ankle exercises. Jonah Barrington, who has dominated the now Khan-less British game, carries conditioning to the point of fanaticism. He prepares for a tournament by retreating like a hermit to remote and preferably primitive corners of the British Isles. When he came down with hepatitis before a British Open, even more drastic measures seemed necessary. Barrington took himself to a tribal village in Kenya for six weeks, cooked over an open fire, slept in a straw hut and generally went native. After that there was absolutely nothing to beating the heck out of a little black ball, and everybody who tried to return it.

Despite their habit of running opponents into the floor—scores typically widen between Khan and loser as a match proceeds—the Khans go in for no such kill-or-cure training. In his how-to book, Hashim grudgingly recommends skipping rope, lifting weights, jogging upstairs and downstairs, adding almost in disbelief, "You want to do such

continued

THE SUPER BOWL

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Barry Ross

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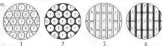
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Super Bowl I: Green Bay 35- Kansas City 10



The week of the game, Packer Free Safety Willie Wood was upset. Green Bay's defeat of Dallas in the NFL championship game had not come easy so, to some people at least, the Packers looked vulnerable. "All at once we're too old, overrated and too tired," the All Pro said angrily. "Well, we'll show them. When we finish, there won't be any doubt that Green Bay is superior or that the NFL is better than the AFL."

After 30 minutes of play in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum that January 15, there was, in fact, even more doubt. The Packers led 14-10, but the Chiefs had actually gained more yardage. As one writer would put it later, "The Packers were bamboozled by Hank Stram's offense in the first half, with Len Dawson's hoodwinking fakery and play-action passes picking their defense apart as no NFL quarterback had been able to do all season."

Wood knew this better than anyone. Twice he had looked bad on pass plays and the second time it had given Kansas

City a touchdown. Coach Vince Lombardi had a solution, however. At halftime, he ordered his linemen to help the pass coverage by blitzing, a tactic the Packers rarely bothered with.

Kansas City received the second half kickoff and returned it to the 29. On the very first call Dawson skirted right end for 15 yards. Two inside running plays picked up five and now it was third and five at the Chiefs' 49. "A passing situation," thought Wood, "probably to the sideline."

Dawson took the snap and began moving left in a protective pocket of blockers. Giving chase were linemen Henry Jordan and Lionel Aldridge and two blitzing linebackers, Dave Robinson and Lee Roy Caffey. A few yards up field, Tight End Fred Arbanas cut sharply to the left sideline, just deep enough for a first down at the Packer 45. Earlier in the week, Wood had called Arbanas "a rough Mike Ditka." And with the rest of the Packer secondary he had practiced catching the

longer AFL ball.

Dawson spotted Arbanas and let the pass go. But it was deflected, and Wood, rushing over in front of the target, picked it off. A phalanx of blockers quickly formed and Wood raced 50 yards to the Kansas City five. On the next play Elijah Pitts burst over left tackle for a touchdown. Afterwards, Wood, a former Southern California star, called the interception "my biggest thrill in Los Angeles."

Everyone else agreed it was the difference in the game. "We were doing the things we should have been doing," Stram said. "Then came that one play. After that, we just broke down." New York Jets Coach Woody Eshank felt, "The interception unserved the entire Kansas City team."

And as New York Daily News columnist Dick Young put it later, "It was a real ball game, the first Super Bowl, until one play turned it around."

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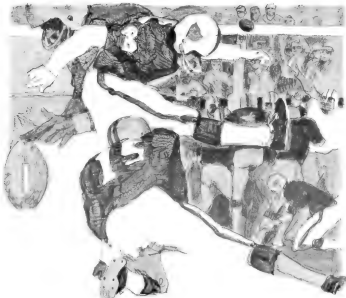
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Super Bowl II: Green Bay 33- Oakland 14

The Packers were 14-point favorites the day they came into the Orange Bowl. Oddsmaker Jimmy ("the Greek") Snyder said he would have made it 15 except that George Blanda of Oakland was a better field goal kicker than Green Bay's Don Chandler.

But when the day was over, Chandler, a balding, 33-year old Oklahoman, had registered 15 points all by himself, on four field goals and three extra points. After Green Bay's first two drives bogged down it was Chandler

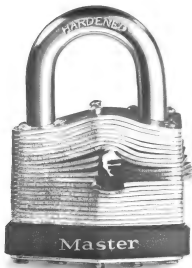
who gave his team a 6-0 lead with placements of 39 and 20 yards. Late in the half, with the Packers leading 13-7, Chandler was needed again.

The recovery of a fumbled punt and a nine-yard pass had put Green Bay on the Raider 36. Only seconds remained as Bart Starr took a spiraling snap from center, placed the ball down at the 43 and awaited Chandler's straight-ahead, two-step approach. The ball boomed through a swirling wind, clearly between the uprights. Instead of a pre-

carious six-point lead, the Packers' margin was a comfortable nine.

Chandler came on again in the third quarter to hang home a 31-yarder. When someone pointed out that the placement struck the crossbar before toppling over, Chandler said, "I don't give a damn what they look like, as long as they go over."

They had—all four of them—and, as Arthur Daley of The New York Times put it the next day, "his kicks opened the way to Packster success."



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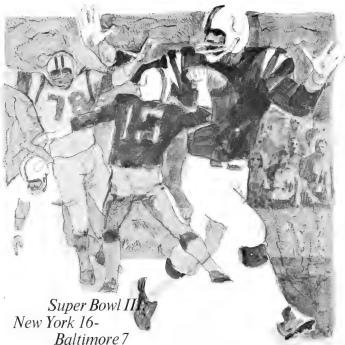
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Super Bowl III New York 16- Baltimore 7

"I don't think this game will be won or lost with any gimmicks," Colts Coach Don Shula said early in the week. Nor, for that matter, did anyone else. Baltimore was an 18-point underdog, led into Miami by the NFL's leading passer and Most Valuable Player, Earl Morrall. No one paid much attention to Joe Namath's "guarantee" of a Jet victory or his opinion that the AFL had "four or five better quarterbacks than Morrall."

On Sunday, however, there seemed to be some substance to Namath's bragadocio. After Lou Michaels missed two field goals and Morrall suffered two

interceptions, the Colts were frantic. Trailing 7-0, with less than a minute left in the half, they hoped to salvage themselves with a gimmick.

It was second and nine for Baltimore on the New York 41 when Morrall sent Tom Matte on an apparent sweep of right end, a play that had gained 58 yards the previous series. Meanwhile, flanker Jimmy Orr drifted down field, completely overlooked by the Jets' deep defenders.

Suddenly, Matte stopped short and threw a long lateral back to Morrall. Orr, standing alone in a corner of the

field near the goal line, jumped up and down and waved his arms frantically. The Jets had been completely fooled but Morrall panned to Fullback Jerry Hill—and Safety Jim Hudson was there to pick it off.

Morrall's failure to execute the "flea-flicker" was his "worst mistake of the game," one observer wrote later. If successful, said another, he "might have turned the game around."

But what had happened? "Earl said he didn't see me," Orr explained in the dressing room afterwards. "I was open from here to Tampa."

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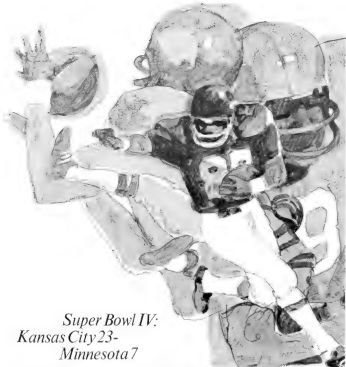
A Winner never stops proving it.



**If it didn't absorb
up to 78% of the vibration,
guess who would.**



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Super Bowl IV: Kansas City 23- Minnesota 7

Len Dawson could not sleep the night before the game. To calm a cringing stomach, the Chiefs quarterback sat up in his New Orleans hotel room consuming milk and crackers.

It was more than the pressure caused by this last Super Bowl before the AFL-NFL merger. The Chiefs were elated just to be in town. Dawson had missed four games during the regular season as Kansas City finished second to Oakland in the Western Division.

Earlier in the week, Dawson had

been linked with someone implicated in a national investigation of sports gambling. He will be playing "in the shadow of a doubt," The New York Times said. "To avoid criticism he must produce an almost flawless game..."

Through two quarters on Sunday, Dawson did just that, guiding the Chiefs to a 16-0 lead over the 13-point favorites. But Len had done well in the first half of the first Super Bowl, too. So when Minnesota scored in the third quarter to draw within nine points, an

old nightmare was recalled.

Dawson responded this time by marching Kansas City to the Minnesota 46. On first down the Chiefs lined up in their familiar I-formation, and, without the usual shift, the ball was snapped on a short count.

Wide Receiver Otis Taylor—"a feared game breaker," the Super Bowl program called him—angled six yards down field and toward the right sideline. Cornerback Earl (Mack) Mackbee expected Taylor to "hitch (pounce) and go" as he had



"scram-earlier play, but instead he took Dawson's low pass at the 40.

Mackbee hit Taylor immediately, but Otis broke free and turned toward the goal line. "A defensive back is supposed to punish runners on plays like this," Mackbee said later. "I tried, but there was just no feeling when I hit him. A pinched nerve made my shoulder numb."

Viking Safety Karl Kasulke had the last shot, but Taylor shook him off with an inside fake at the 20 and sprinted

into the end zone. "He juked me," Kasulke put it.

After the game, Chiefs Coach Hank Stram said short passes thrown just in front of the cornerbacks were the "key to the game." (Earlier, a sideline microphone had heard him yell exultantly that they were "like stealing.")

This particular pass, said Minnesota Coach Bud Grant, "took the game away from us for good." It also helped make Kansas City's beleaguered quarterback the game's Most Valuable Player.

FOOTBALL PARTY:



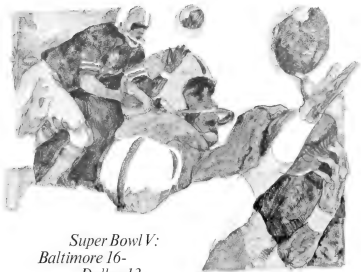
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Super Bowl V: Baltimore 16- Dallas 13

Super Bowl V, the first to have a Roman numeral attached, was supposed to be the best game yet. The Cowboys were slight favorites over the Colts, who had been shuffled to the AFC in the realignment that followed the merger. Unfortunately, Super Bowl V turned out to be Bloopers Bowl I, an exciting but poorly executed game of five lost fumbles, six interceptions and a missed extra point.

It was more a contest of big mistakes than big plays, zigzagging so unexpectedly that not even the coaches could agree on its most crucial moment. Tom Landry of Dallas said "the big play of the game" was Dunne Thomas' fumble at the Colt goal line in the third quarter. To Baltimore's Don McCallister "the turning point" was Mike Curtis' fourth quarter interception which set up the winning field goal. Neither thought to

mention the field goal itself, a 32-yarder by rookie Jim O'Brien with five seconds remaining.

There was, however, one play which everyone did accept as typical of this topsy-turvy Sunday in Miami. As one columnist wrote later, "It was a prime example of the way the footballs bounced off fingertips all afternoon in utterly crazy deflections, constantly turning the tide of battle."

In the second quarter Baltimore was trailing 6-0 after a pair of Cowboy field goals. Facing third and 10 on the 25, Johnny Unitas sent Tight End John Mackey long, to clear out the zone for Planker Eddie Hinton. Unitas dropped back in his familiar waddling motion and overthrew Hinton, who could only up the ball with his right hand. Cornerback Mel Renfro took a swipe at it next, but the ball was still up for grabs when

the alert Mackey grabbed it at the 45. Turning on "my 9.1 speed" as he joked later, Mackey lumbered in for the game-tying touchdown.

The Cowboys protested immediately, correctly pointing out that two offensive players cannot touch the ball in succession. But Back Judge Hugh Gamber ruled the reception legal, saying Renfro had made contact before Mackey did. For 64 million television viewers, the instant replay revealed an inconclusive blur.

After the game Renfro admitted that the ball might have grazed his fingernail, but it was several days later before the onus of doubt was finally removed. Game films showed that Renfro had, indeed, touched the bouncing ball, thus validating the longest and most controversial play in Super Bowl history.

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THAT WENT AWAY...**



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(Let's face it: you knew short hair was coming back the day your Uncle Sid bought a hot comb.)

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THE SHORT HAIR
THAT'S COMING
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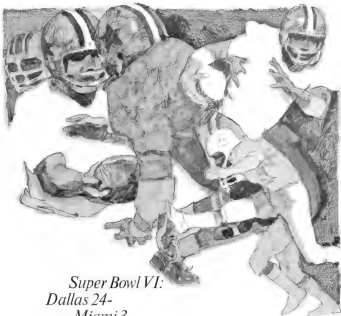
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Super Bowl VI: Dallas 24- Miami 3

The strong-armed presence of Roger Staubach, the NFC's leading passer, and Bob Griese, tops in the AFC, did not deter Tom Landry. "The running game will be the key," the Cowboy coach predicted after arriving in New Orleans. Actually, his comment was well-founded. In the conference championships two weeks before, Dallas had thrown a modest 18 passes against San Francisco and Miami had been virtually ground-bound against Baltimore, with only eight attempts. There was at least one man who was favoring aerial warfare, however. White House Quarterback Richard Nixon recommended that the Dolphins pound their adversaries with down-and-in passes to Paul Warfield.

Executive opinion was no help at all in the first half as Miami fell behind 10-3. But it was a brisk 71-yard scoring drive with the second half kickoff that put the game permanently out of reach. Staubach completed only one pass in the eight-play march. The biggest gainers came on consecutive sweeps, a 23-yarder by Duane Thomas and a 16-yard flanker reverse by Bob Hayes.

It was second and goal at the Dolphins three when Staubach called a rollout to the strong side. He changed signals at the line of scrimmage however, when he saw that the Miami defense had overshifted in that direction. The Cowboys executed the new play perfectly, as Thomas took a pitchout to the weak side and slanted into the end zone, giv-

ing Dallas an insurmountable 17-3 lead.

"The drive killed us," said Dolphin Defensive End Bill Stanfill afterwards. "It got the game away," Landry agreed. Don Shula was slightly more expansive. "We thought we could come back out in the second half and establish our offense," he said, but when they took the kickoff and drove for a touchdown, that really did it."

Dallas bore out Landry's pre-game running statement by setting a Super Bowl record with 252 yards. Thomas had 95 in 19 carries. Walt Garrison 74 in 14. This ball control efficiency enabled the Cowboys to establish an overwhelming possession advantage of 41 minutes to 19. It was no day for down and in.



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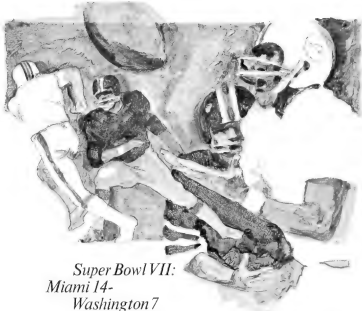
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Super Bowl VII: Miami 14- Washington 7

Howard Twilley set seven NCAA records at Tuba, but on a Miami team that includes Paul Warfield his talents are often underrated, if not unrecognized. Such was the case before Super Bowl VII in Los Angeles when one pregame report said uncompromisingly, Twilley "lacks the speed to be a deep threat."

Slowness about was only one of Twilley's problems, however. There was also the Redskins defense to worry about. It had not allowed a touchdown in two playoff games and it included Safety Pat Fischer. In another evaluation of players Fischer was proclaimed "the league's finest player, pound for pound."

Those two appraisals came into conflict in the first quarter when Miami reached third and four on the Washington 28. Bob Griese decided to gamble

with a long pass to Warfield, but the Redskins were ready for it. They took Warfield completely out of the play by dumping him at the line of scrimmage. Griese looked next toward his secondary receiver, Twilley, who was running a deep pattern against Fischer. Twilley broke into the clear by turning Fischer completely around with a sharp inside-to-outside move. Griese fired and Twilley made the catch at the five, just before Fischer recovered to hit him. Twilley hauled into the end zone, giving the Dolphins a lead they never relinquished.

Going long for the TD instead of short for the first down "was a gamble," Griese admitted, "but it was worth the try." Shirley Povich wrote later in *The Sporting News*, "It was the first Super Bowl game in which sudden death oc-

curred in the first quarter. The Redskins never recovered."

Washington's lone touchdown in the fourth quarter did not affect the outcome, but it seems worth mentioning because, as Tex Maule wrote in *Sports Illustrated*, it was "the most hilarious play" in Super Bowl history. Cornerback Mike Bass scored the points after teammate Bill Brundage blocked a 42-yard field goal attempt. But it was Placekicker Garo Yepremian who provided the real excitement, by recovering the blocked attempt and trying to throw the first pass of his career. The ball slipped out of his hands, and as it slipped, Yepremian batted it—right to Bass. The touchdown was meaningless, but unforgettable.

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Within the inner ring of the Sun Stone are twenty symbols, one for each day of the Aztec week. Each symbol also suggests what kind of drink might be appropriate to serve on that day.

ROCHIL
Montezuma Margarita. The flower symbolizes the last day of the Aztec week, representing the ultimate in true beauty and pleasure. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Triple Sec; juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime; pinch of salt; stir in shaker over ice; rub rim of cocktail glass with lime peel and spin in salt; strain shaker into cocktail glass.

Tequila-Pineapple Liqueur. The 3rd day of the Aztec week is symbolized by a house, representing hospitality and at-home entertaining. The drink: fill a jar half way with chunks of ripe pineapple; pour Montezuma Tequila to the brim; add 1 teaspoon sugar (optional); cap jar and place in refrigerator for 24 hours; drain off liquid and serve as an after-dinner liqueur.

Horny Bull™ Cocktail. A horned animal symbolizes the 7th day of the Aztec week, representing high-spirited and casual fun. The drink: 1 oz. Montezuma Tequila over ice in unusual glassware, mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug etc.; fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink.



Tequila Fizz. The rain symbolizes the 19th day of the Aztec week, representing cool refreshment. The drink: 2 oz. Montezuma Tequila; juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lime; $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar; two dashes orange bitters; stir in a tall glass over ice; fill with club soda; garnish with lime shell.



Tequila Straight. Water symbolizes the 9th day of the Aztec week, representing simple and uncomplicated pleasure. The drink: Pour 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of Montezuma Gold Tequila in a shot glass. Put salt on back of thumb; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and 1st finger; lick salt, drink Tequila, bite into lime in one flowing motion.



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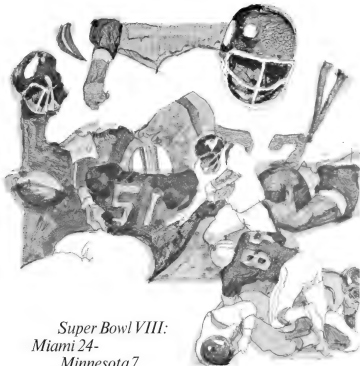
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*Tonatihu, Aztec god of the Sun.

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Super Bowl VIII: Miami 24- Minnesota 7

The defending champion Dolphins came to Houston favored to mount the summit again, but there was one area at least—recovered fumbles—where they ranked dead last in the NFL. During the regular season Miami gathered in only eight of their opponent's loose balls and the 13 they recovered overall, including five of their own, tied the league record for inept opportunistic play.

But all this seemed irrelevant as the Dolphins roared to touchdowns on their first two possessions. And the lead was

17-0 before Minnesota finally showed signs of life that might get them back in the game.

Driving from their own 20, the Vikings reached second and two at the Dolphin seven with 1:18 remaining in the half. After two cracks by Fullback Oscar Reed it was fourth and one.

The obvious decision was to go for the first down and again Reed got the call. But as he batted over right tackle behind Ron Yary he was met hard by Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti—

so hard that Reed fumbled. Defensive Back Jake Scott dove into the fray to recover, effectively blunting the Viking threat. "We had the first down made," Quarterback Fran Tarkenton said afterwards, "we just fumbled the ball."

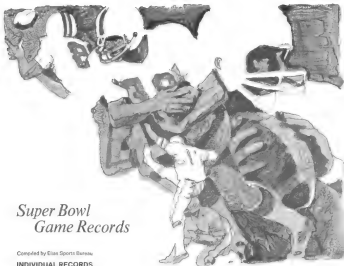
Miami was so dominating this day that a Minnesota touchdown here might not have mattered. Even so, one newspaper reported the next morning, "That would have been a good place for the Vikings...to keep the television audience interested in the second half."



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Super Bowl Game Records

Compiled by Elias Sports Bureau

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

SCORING

- Most Points Game**
15 Doc Chandler, GB, 1968 (3-pat, 4-kg)
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
2 Max McGee, GB, 1967 (2-p)
Eliah Pitts, GB, 1967 (2-p)
Bill Miller, Oak, 1968 (3-p)
Larry Csonka, Mia, 1974 (2-r)
- Most Field Goals Attempted, Game**
5 Jim Tarter, N.Y. Jets, 1969
- Most Field Goals, Game**
4 Don Chandler, GB, 1968
- Longest Field Goal**
48 Jan Stenerud, K.C., 1970

RUSHING

- Most Attempts, Game**
33 Larry Csonka, Mia, 1974
- Most Yards Gained, Game**
145 Larry Csonka, Mia, 1974
- Longest Gain**
58 Tom Matte, Balt., 1969



PASSING

- Most Attempts, Game**
34 Daryle Lamontica, Oak, 1968 (55-comp)
- Most Completions, Game**
18 Fran Tarkenton, Minn., 1974 (28-at)
- Highest Efficiency, Game (10-at)**
72.7 Bob Griese, Mia, 1973 (8-11)
- Most Yards Gained, Game**
200 Bert Starr, GB, 1967
- Longest Completion**
75 John Unkeles (to Mackey), Balt., 1971 (TD)
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
2 Bert Starr, GB, 1967
Daryle Lamontica, Oak, 1968
Roger Staubach, Dall., 1972

PASS RECEPTIONS

- Most Receptions, Game**
8 George Sauer, N.Y. Jets, 1969 (133 yds)
- Most Yards Gained, Game**
138 Max McGee, GB, 1967 (7 rec)
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
2 Max McGee, GB, 1967
Bill Miller, Oak, 1968

INTERCEPTIONS BY

- Most Interceptions By, Game**
2 Randy Beverly, N.Y. Jets, 1968
Chuck Hawley, Dall., 1971
Jake Scott, Mia, 1973
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
1 Herb Adderley, GB, 1968

PUNTING

- Longest Punt**
65 Jerald Wilson, K.C., 1967
- Highest Punting Average, Game (3-Mia.)**
48.5 Jerald Wilson, K.C., 1970 (4)

PUNT AND KICKOFF RETURNS

- Longest Punt Return**
31 Willie Wood, GB, 1969
- Longest Kickoff Return**
37 Eugene (Mercury) Morris, Mia, 1973

FUMBLES

- Most Fumbles, Game**
1 By many players
- Most Fumbles Recovered, Game**
2 Jake Scott, Mia, 1974 (3-own, 1-op)

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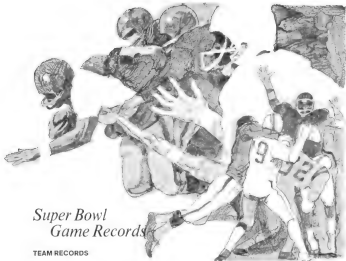
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Super Bowl Game Records

TEAM RECORDS

SCORING

- Most Points, Game**
35 Green Bay 1967
- Fewest Points, Game**
3 Miami 1972
- Most Points, Each Quarter**
1st 14 Miami 1974
- 2nd 13 Green Bay 1968
Kansas City 1970
- 3rd 14 Green Bay 1967
- 4th 10 Baltimore 1971

FIRST DOWNS

- Most First Downs, Games**
23 Dallas 1972

NET YARDS GAINED

- Most Yards Gained, Game**
358 Green Bay 1967
- Fewest Yards Gained, Game**
105 Miami 1972

RUSHING

- Most Yards Gained, Game**
252 Dallas 1972
- Fewest Yards Gained, Game**
61 Minnesota 1973

PASSING

- Most Passes Attempted, Game**
41 Baltimore 1969
- Fewest Passes Attempted, Game**
7 Miami 1974
- Most Passes Completed, Game**
18 Minnesota 1974
- Fewest Passes Completed, Game**
6 Miami 1974
- Most Yards Gained, Game**
260 Baltimore 1971
- Fewest Yards Gained, Game**
63 Miami 1974
- Most Times Tackled Attempting Passes, Game**
6 Kansas City 1967
- Fewest Times Tackled Attempting Passes, Game**
0 Baltimore 1969, 71

INTERCEPTIONS BY

- Most Interceptions By, Game**
4 New York Jets 1969
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
1 Green Bay 1968

PUNTING

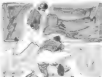
- Most Punts, Game**
9 Dallas 1971
- Fewest Punts, Game**
3 Baltimore 1969
Minnesota 1970
Miami 1974
- Highest Average, Game**
48.5 Kansas City 1975 (4)
- Lowest Average, Game**
21.2 Washington 1973 (3)

PUNT AND KICKOFF RETURNS

- Most Touchdowns, Game**
None
- Most Touchdowns, Game**
None

FUMBLES

- Most Fumbles, Game**
5 Baltimore 1971
- Most Fumbles Recovered, Game**
3 Dallas 1971 (3-and-0)



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Super Bowl— New Orleans—

This was supposed to be the Super Bowl that unveiled the Superdome, that \$163 million megastadium covering 13 acres of downtown New Orleans' most precious real estate. Unfortunately, the Superdome is an unfinished symphony of construction snags and dilemmas, sending Super Bowl IX to rusty old Tulane Stadium, where games IV and VI were played.

Although the Superdome is not ready for the invasion of professional football fans and officials, the Parish of New Orleans is. The prestige and publicity which come with hosting football's premier event are coveted distinctions. But even more in demand are the fistful of dollars to be spread around the town's business community.

The peak tourist season has barely begun in New Orleans. The Sugar Bowl kicks it off, followed by the Super Bowl and then Mardi Gras. "This is a way of life for us," says Owen Brennan, president of the Greater New Orleans Tourist and Convention Commission and the eldest son of the man who founded one of the city's finest restaurants. "We're used to it. It just keeps our adrenalin pumping."

Not to mention their cash registers ringing. Some \$30 million was spent in New Orleans at the last Super Bowl. The wealth is shared by the taxi driver

who carries you in from the airport, the bellboy who takes you to your hotel room, and the waiter who serves dinner at some of the finest eating establishments in America. "We figure each one of these dollars changes hands eight times," says Brennan. "So we're all in this together. We don't compete with other restaurants. We cooperate. If we run out of something and need it in a hurry, the people at Antoine's are glad to help us out."

There are three distinct groups who make the Super Bowl their midwinter mecca. First, those associated with either the NFL or the game itself. For these, more than 2,000 hotel rooms have been set aside. Second, the major companies (like Ford and American Express) which use the game as a thank you for selected clients. And, third, the average, unaffiliated, unentitled football fan. Only 30 per cent of the tickets are held by local people; the remaining spectators come from all over the country.

Much of the activity, of course, revolves around Sunday's game. For media people there is a press conference with players and coaches every day at the Marriott Hotel. For the select there is more exotic entertainment available. On Friday night, NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle will come down

from his \$275 a day penthouse suite at the Royal Orleans to host a little get-together for 2,500 people. This year's tab has not been picked up yet, of course, but the one in Houston last January cost \$75,000. On Saturday night there is a more informal gathering at one of the local hotels—a "gourmet dinner" (if such is possible) for 230 epicures.

By comparison, the \$20 ticket to the game is a steal, if you can find one. An easier, and cheaper, bargain is the 15 cent ride on the St. Charles street car which explores the ante-bellum homes in the Garden district.

But, best of all, is the music which spills out onto the narrow streets in the French Quarter. The Dixieland played along Bourbon Street is still the best to be heard anywhere, whether it's at Pete Fountain's, Al Hiatt's, Preservation Hall or any of those places where you can catch the act just by standing outside the door.

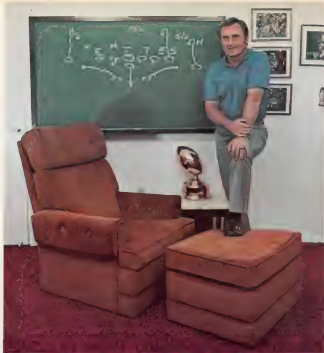
So, Superdome or not, there will be a Super Bowl. The NFL chooses its locations on the basis of moderate winter climate, hotel availability and civic interest. And the towns which qualify welcome the game with outstretched arms and open palms.

A man with a thick brown beard and mustache, and dark, wavy hair, is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a light tan, button-down shirt with dark piping on the collar and pockets. He is holding a red and white pack of Winston cigarettes in his hands, with a single cigarette held between his fingers. The background is a blurred indoor setting with some foliage visible on the left.

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things?" Sharif argues that one tries best for squash—or any game—by playing that game. He submits that his father, who can still run all day on a squash court, would fall on his face if he had to run a 100-yard dash.

Jim McQueenie, president of the North American Professional Squash Racquets Association, is an articulate man with a Scottish accent that still smacks magnificently of heather after 17 years in the States and Canada. He reasons that squash, like most sports, becomes predilectable at the championship level. Experts do the expected—namely, the superb. But then there is the funny bounce or just-slightly missed placement, and squash enters, in McQueenie's phrase, the "realm of the unknown." At that point, genius will out. The champion will declare himself with the inspired, the spontaneously right shot.

In this split second of opportunity, this winner's moment at which the Khans so excel, is it slower heart, bigger lungs, Napoleonic strategy, better-conditioned reflexes that make the difference? Or something else?

Here other words apply, like "gride" and "determination." How blind they sound, these clichés of desire of a Wheaties package. Yet they cannot be ignored as the deciding factor, even on the Ivy League squash court. And can an American, even a hungry American, know what it means to an 8-year-old Pakistani boy to scramble as if his life depended on it, to get every ball—as win? Nobody *knows a Khan except a Khan*. The words seem to blaze out of Khan eyes like an oath taken in infancy.

In a sporting world where a woman golfer may win a first prize of \$32,000, a Khan's first prize goes no higher than \$1,000. It usually is a lot lower. And in a sporting world where the five-year, \$1 million contract has become such a commonplace that it hardly rates a headline, a Khan may make only \$18,000 to \$22,000 a year from lessons, exhibitions and sales in his pro shop. It seems this sport of consummate skills pays rewards in almost inverse proportion to its demands.

Will the Khans and their game ever become more than a minority taste—the tiniest of pops in the Great Sports Explosion? There are two theories on the proper care and cultivation of squash, one counting on more spectators, the other on more participants. Members of the spectator school of thought point to

tennis, another underprivileged racket sport only a decade ago, now turning out millionaires thanks to what is known as exposure. The trouble is, squash isn't exactly a coliseum game. Most galleries accommodate 50 to 100 people—other squash players chiefly.

A few galleries, like those at the new \$1.5 million Toronto Squash Club, can seat up to 300 spectators. Glass back walls are being introduced for the benefit of that most successful of sports evangelists, the television camera. But 500 spectators hardly constitute a mass audience, and as for that other audience in the living rooms with the beer cans and the loungers at the recline: stand by for technical difficulties. When it comes down to a 21-inch screen, a tiny squash ball traveling more than 100 mph proves to be about as photogenic as a bullet.

The dreamers of a squash revolution-by-participation hit you with statistics. There are about 5,000 squash courts in the country, Darwin P. Kingsley III, president of the United States Squash Racquets Association, estimates. This is roughly double the figure of 10 years ago. The rule of thumb says: 300 players to a court; thus, half a million squash-playing Americans. Undaunted by the fact that 14 times as many Americans practice bird watching (according to the Bureau of Census), the USSRA advertises: "Squash racquets is for lovers, and women, and athletes, and old people, and young people, and just about everyone."

The participation theorists are also optimistic about new unit-construction techniques for squash courts. Formerly 2,000 pieces of edge-grain maple had to be nailed into place, then sanded and made true. Today 12 to 60 components can be fabricated into a court at a cost of about \$25,000. But even where courts exist, Americans tend to prefer racquetball or handball. And then there is always indoor tennis. As Niederhoffer says, "It seems as though people would much rather spend \$15 an hour for tennis than pay \$5 to \$7 an hour for squash."

Perhaps in some essential way squash is a sport not of this age: the era of the expansion-upon-expansion league, the zoom lens, the Big Hype. Squash is to sports what string quartets are to music. You can't go Wagnerian with either. The men who want squash to grow, to explode on the scale of the '60s and the '70s, know that what they love about the game forbids it.

Squash will never make it to the Astrodome. It is a game that concentrates rather than expands, moves inward rather than outward. No arena of competition is more strictly defined than a squash court: four sides, a floor, a ceiling. A little white box, like the setting of a Michelangelo Antonioni movie. Listen—strange echoes! Sound in a squash court cannot be trusted. A laugh has volume but no mirth. The human voice doesn't seem quite human.

There are sports that are wreathed in a kind of mysticism: long-distance running, sculling, mountain climbing. Squash is one of them. A good squash player, a really good squash player, a Khan, reaches a state the hacker can appreciate only at second-hand. When a superbly conditioned man of exceptional natural gifts is on form, then, in the words of Jim McQueenie, "the blood sings."

There is a term applied by connoisseurs of Sanskrit poetry: *rasa*. The literal meaning is "flavor." But scholars fumbling after deeper meanings have come up with "ideal and impersonalized joy."

You are in that little white box. You are a Khan. If you know your Kipling, the lines might pass through your mind as you are in the process of burying still another white hope:

And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of the late deceased,
And the epitaph dreads 'A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the East.'

But finally you are not playing against an opponent. You are playing against yourself, against your limits: Body, racket and ball vs. mortality.

Outside there is a corridor. At the end of the corridor there is an attendant, dozing over a stack of towels, breathing the faintly disinfected air. Up the stairs behind him there is a street swarming with people and flanked by other streets swarming with other people, as far as the eye can see. And, of course, a lot farther.

The point is, for the moment the universe is reduced to a ball and you is a box. "Back . . . front . . . left . . . right . . . always running, stroking, running." Suddenly you go one notch beyond yourself and make the ball do something perhaps no man has ever made a ball do before. And that is *rasa*. And that is what it means to be a Khan.

This is fair warning that Southern California has struck again. This time it is a game called bicycle motocross, and it will be loose upon the rest of the land sooner than you think and certainly before you are ready. West Coast hills that once were alive with the sound of kids rolling, and often bouncing, down the streets on skateboards are now jammed with young daredevils sliding and wheeling along on tiny 20-inch bicycles, slouched behind paper planes with racing numbers scribbled on them. The craze is just starting, but already there are plans for a national championship bicycle motocross series to be held around the country next year. Gentlemen, start your pedals.

The unsuspecting world got a sneak preview of bicycle motocross not long ago with a glimpse of some kids sailing their Schwinn over dirt mounds in the opening scenes of a motorcycle movie, *On Any Sunday*, by Bruce Brown. The bicycle jumping was filmed in a vacant lot with a couple of youngsters from down the block and was included just for laughs before moving on to the grown-ups and their big machines. But naturally, every kid who saw the movie might as well have left the theater right there.

The fad grew when the rest of the neighborhood, including Brown's own children, got into the act: soon they were holding their own "nationals." They painted their helmets like those of their adult motorcycle-racing heroes and they gave themselves names like Wild Wade, Dangerous Dana Brown, Mad Monk Shoemaker (son of Don Shoemaker, Brown's frequent partner in film making), Jumpin' Jeff Alter (son of Hobie Alter of Hobie surfboard and catamaran fame) and the inimitable Boobon Stubbs (son of the captain of the San Clemente lifeguard crew who one day vanished, eventually turning up in Tahiti). The kids built a track around the block that cut through lots and driveways, vacant or not, up and over curbs, around trees and



WHOOPE DE WHEELIE

Pedals flashing, flying over the obstacles, kids are cycling into a new form of motocross madness

by SAM MOSES

down sidewalks. They filled garbage cans with water and emptied them in ruts to create gooey mudholes, and for a jump they liberated the gate from Brown's backyard fence and used it as a ramp, perched on cinder blocks. This frivolous band retired from round-the-block sandlot competition when bicycle motocross became better organized, but the scars of their Saturday afternoons remain: there still is a chunk out of the floorplug on the corner of Santa Clara and Violet Lantern in Dana Point, Calif. That corner used to be Turn Three.

From such early beginnings a sport has burgeoned. There are now more than 100 tracks in Southern California alone, and a few city parks and recreation boards and even a couple of police departments have either built their own tracks or sponsored races. The first official sanctioning body, the American Bicycle Association (ABA), is in the process of being formed, and it will provide computerized point tabulation for the dozens of weekly races it will run, each with an average entry of 200. On a sunny Saturday the list may be twice that. Some bicycle shops sponsor teams of kids—one Los Angeles outfit helps support nearly 100—and they travel the "circuit" in station wagons and vans. They could pass for any Little League team on its way to a game, but instead of baseball gloves and bats filling the back seats there are helmets and tire pumps.

Most of the tracks are about a quarter of a mile around and basically level with built-up mounds of dirt, but some are laid out heading downhill, like summertime ski slopes. Depending upon the course, the advantage goes either to the kid with the strongest legs and longest wind or to the kid with the most courage. Sometimes it takes a lot of that.

Recently, one aggressive team sponsored announced plans to promote a race that would begin at a mountainop Nike missile site and wind down a dirt road for five miles, dropping 3,000 feet.



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in the process. "Kids already practice that," he says, "so why not race them?" He'd like to mount wind-cheating fairings on the bikes so they will be capable of reaching 50 mph in spots. With some luck, there will be no broken bodies at the bottom, but there will no doubt be some white knuckles and wide-open eyeballs.

Fortunately, the average bicycle motocross isn't quite that hairy, so injuries are rare. In the two years of organized racing there have been only two broken bones, insists Bob Bailey, a former professional motorcycle racer and the man behind the ABA. The crashes—"tumbles," in bicycle motocross vernacular—are indeed spectacular, but even the domino collisions are really no more bruising than an ordinary football gang tackle with a couple of stumbling bicycles thrown into the pile. Because many bikes are abundantly wrapped in foam rubber and tape, so much so that some of them look like giant mutant tennis balls, there are few sharp angles to poke tender organs. And the riders are required to wear helmets, so the likelihood of a head injury, at least during supervised racing, is greatly reduced. A first-aid station is present at every race but it doesn't do much business in anything but Band-Aids and antiseptics. As one kid said upon regaining his feet and dusting himself off after a spectacularly unsuccessful "Flying W"—the move in which the final effort to avoid getting thrown over the handlebars is to sit on them while clapping your heels over your head—"Aw, an erde ain't no big deal. Dirt's pretty soft, you know." It also helps to be young enough to have bones like marshmallows.

The Flying W is just one of the maneuvers in a bicycle motocross racer's bag of tricks. Any kid worth his salt can do a wheelie, but it is the variations of the stunt that really count. A motocrosser also can perform the wheelie-while-doing-an-arabesque-on-the-seat, the wheelie-while-flashing-the-peace-sign-with-one-hand, and the wheelie-up-a-tree. Then there is the bunny hop, which is a front-wheel wheelie; the fork-stop-jump, which involves pitching the bike virtually sideways in midair over a jump, an act of wild abandon corrected only at the last possible instant before touchdown; the cross-up, a full-speed slide radical enough to excite a restless sprinter crowd (also very hard on the soles of

sneakers); and the one-eighty: while moving slowly the rider jumps up with the bike, tilting both wheels off the ground, and does a half twist. When he lands, he rides off in the other direction. It is probably just a matter of time until some kid masters the three-sixty.

But the real *se plus alva* of bicycle motocross stunts so far was a dido by one waggish 10-year-old who tested his new frame by riding it off the roof of his neighbor's house. "They told me it was strong and I wanted to see how strong it really was," he said. "The other guy's parents were inside eating supper and they didn't even know I did it. We threw the bike up on the roof from a brick wall, and I rode down off the second story onto the porch roof to get a good start, then I just flew off. All that happened was the axles and pedals got bent. I fixed them with a hammer and did it again the next day. It was *fun*."

Competition between the manufacturers of motocross bikes is heating the sport into an exercise in engineering, and an expensive one at that. Yamaha was the first to manufacture a pukka bike—a bouncy little number it calls the Moto-Bike, with rear shock absorbers and front forks borrowed from one of its minimotocycles. Other companies followed and several more are about to enter the market, the biggest of them being Kawasaki, which is well on the way to building a motocross bike. But the most anxiously anticipated bike is the Dan Gurney Eagle, namesake of the Formula 1 and Indianapolis race car chassis. Gurney himself had a hand in the design of the Eagle, which will be a chrome-plated, automated wire-welded gem with a monoshock suspension system consisting basically of a shock absorber on the frame between the rider's knees, the latest in bicycle motocross design. The Moto-Bike sells for about \$150 and the Eagle will cost \$199. Sundry build-your-own kits go for less, but these are mostly for rich kids, as are the more exotic special parts, such as the latest hot racing item: magnesium wheels at about \$100 a set.

Most kids are content to go the Schwinn Sting-Ray route at first, with a pair of racing handlebars and a set of knobby tires. Schwinn passionately protects its reputation as the Maytag of bicycles and discourages bicycle motocross. Last year 70% of its warranty claims came from Southern California;

this year there is an anti-racing clause in the warranty. But when kids get racing fever, on go the banana seats, alloy rims, heavy-duty spokes and extended pedal cranks. They swap parts like comic books, and they throw around arcane terms like "chromoly, monoshock, goose-neck and crank hanger." Many of them pay for new parts by giving their bikes on paper routes, which uses them a good workout; with youthful imagination and the ability to self-out shortcuts, a kid can create a formidable daily training course of several miles.

All this is excellent preparation for next year's national championship series, which will be sponsored by Yamaha. As a sort of rehearsal, this summer Yamaha staged something called the California Gold Cup Championship, consisting of preliminary races in Los Angeles, San Francisco and San Diego, and a finale in the Los Angeles Coliseum on the last weekend of summer vacation. If the response to next year's countrywide series is anything like the response to the Gold Cup, then Yamaha probably will need that organizational practice. Each of the preliminary events drew nearly 1,000 spirited entries, and 12 hours of elimination heats were necessary at each to cut them down to a manageable number (if any large group of adolescent boys can ever be regarded as manageable) for the Coliseum final.

The Coliseum survived the temporary transition from the sophistication of big-time football to the easy ambience of junior high school. Loosened up by the tuxedo-clad announcer, a local legend named Larry Huffman who has the gift of fireless insults and enough ebullience to make every race sound like the last lap of the Indy 500, and with marching music by the Inglewood Toppers Youth Band, a few squealed sixteen-baton twirlers and some Calippygian cheerleaders that looked suspiciously like secretaries from Yamaha, the mood was hardly rife with tension.

The entrants were divided into Novice, Junior and Expert classes, based on a system that had nothing to do with skill and experience but considered age, height and weight. The predictable problem of kids fibbing about their ages was overcome with two marks on a wall: if an entrant was shorter than the bottom mark (five feet) he was a Novice; between the marks, he was a Junior; if he topped

continued



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WHEELIE around

the mark at 3'6", he was an Expert. The only catch to that system was that it was possible for a giant 10-year-old to be pitted against a diminutive 16-year-old. But that didn't happen, and those tots whose legs were too short for them to sit down and pedal at the same time did not have to face the few 6-footers, one of whom wore a black whisker-broom mustache. (He only looked imposing; in his race he faded to a puny pup in the homestretch. Rough night before the race, maybe.)

The course was constructed on the running track of the Coliseum. Along the 440 yards were two 3-foot-high jumps made of plywood and covered with artificial grass, the second of which led into a 12-foot-long waterhole which the best racers flew over without so much as getting a wheel wet. There were a couple of tight 180s defined by bales of hay; two short, steeply banked corners on which the racers do something called a "berm-shot"; and some "whoop-de-does," a series of tiny little jumps that produce the feeling of riding a jackhammer set on "high." The Novice and Junior races were each one lap long, and the Expert race was two laps, or half a mile.

Each race had 15 starters. They lined up abreast and sprinted out of a dark corner of the Coliseum, down the front straight and over the two jumps, which sorted them out before the first single-file berm-shot. The jumps did some hard sorting: many of the highest flyers came to rest sideways or upside down in the water, like inept Ewel Kicevels. The result was a maelstrom of tangled arms and legs and pedals and handlebars, which brought on more cursing than crying, as well as some frantic shuffling through the flotsam so the riders could at least continue the race on their own bikes.

The exact moment of finish is very important. A wheelie at the checkered flag is worth points in style. After they crossed the finish line the racers tumbled dramatically onto the infield grass, like Indians shot off their horses; 15 kids dying of mock hypoxia and sprawled among discarded bicycles in a heap of silly patty, breathlessly staring into the sky.

The anxiety may have been melodramatic, but the poignancy of failure is just as real for a 12-year-old as it is for a professional. Especially for the Junior who fell off just 15 yards away from winning

his semifinal event, when he impudently chose the final jump to show off for the crowd. In the Expert main event an articulate 16-year-old named friendly Fred Thomas, who had come 500 miles, led for all but the final quarter of a lap. He was passed in the last turn by a bigger and stronger, and maybe wiser, rider named Stuart Thompson, who had conserved enough energy for an explosive finishing kick. Stuart, a stereotypical Southern California surfer with long blond, almost white, hair that falls over his forehead and eyes, was a member of the Dart Master Racing Team, a group that took the Gold Cup seriously enough to win the Novice and Junior titles as well.

With the first big year behind it, and the Coliseum windup as a climax, bicycle motocross is now established as a sport of the future. Well, at least for a few years. Many in the audience of 5,000 were relatives of the racers, adults dragged along by their kids, and other assorted bicycle motocross acolytes. But they all seemed to have an uncommon enthusiasm for the old-fashioned ethos of sport. As one aware over-70 couple, grandparents of a Novice, said: "This is more fun for most kids than Little League baseball because it's an individual thing and there's no coaching. So far the parents have stayed out of it, so there's no politics, just the kids racing their bicycles and having a good time. It lets them learn about disappointments on their own terms without any outside values attached, and that's healthy."

There are undoubtedly some growing pains in store for bicycle motocross, and how long it will take for the sport to sweep the rest of the urinary nation is anyone's guess. But it will almost certainly do so eventually, as do all those capricious cruises on wheels that begin in Southern California and finally find their way to Alaska.

It may not be very long. If you look out your kitchen window one morning soon and see your paper boy growling "tut-tut-tut-tut-tut-tut" as he does a wheelie across your lawn and uses the lounge chair on your patio for a ramp to do a fork-stop-jump, be tolerant, but be careful. The next morning there may be two of them, and they may be beating. And it will be time to really start worrying on the day they put the lounge chair in front of your swimming pool.

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Menthol or Regular



Its origins hypothetical, this forebear of the poodle is making a comeback with help from such masters as Trudeau and Kosygin

An old dog, new chic

Is this dog the missing link between an ancient Asian breed and the modern-day poodle? The animal shown above is a *Cão de Água*, or Portuguese water dog, and, according to Mrs. Sherman R. Hoyt, grande dame of dogdom and international authority on poodles, is not only the progenitor of the poodle but contributed to the development of the Irish water spaniel and England's curly coated retriever. "This breed is early poodle," Mrs. Hoyt said recently after judging the first Portuguese water dog "blue match" held in the U.S. "It's a very old breed and was described in very recognizable terms as early as the year 1493."

Unfortunately, the Portuguese water dog is faced with extinction in its native land. Fishermen in the Algarve, the southernmost province in Portugal, used the dog to retrieve nets, lines, gear and even escaping fish on occasion, but with imposed equipment and technology the need for the breed began to wane. As a result of interest in the U.S., however, the Portuguese water dog is now undergoing a population boomlet. Of the 75 known purebreds in the world, 55 are in this country, and although that number

may seem small, many of the dogs are owned by Establishment types, especially those who sail or are among the internationally influential, and the breed may soon become In. Jacques Cousteau, for instance, has owned two Portuguese water dogs, and the folks at the Disney studios are talking of doing a show on seven pups born in California.

Being favored by the rich and influential does not make a breed, but it certainly will not hurt in the quest to win recognition from the American Kennel Club. At present all the dogs in this country are registered with the Portuguese Water Dog Club of America, which is maintaining a registry for future preservation. The club's corresponding secretary and driving spirit is Mrs. Herbert H. Miller Jr., of New Canaan, Conn., at whose home the first fun match was held. A longtime breeder of poodles under the kennel name of Farnios, Mrs. Miller got interested in the Portuguese water dogs in 1963 when she saw a pair of puppies of English stock owned by a couple in Bedford Hills, N.Y. She liked what she saw and began corresponding with the Clube Português de Canicultura in Lisbon, and in 1968 she and her husband, a paper-

board company executive, made the first of several trips to Portugal to learn about the breed.

After touring fishing villages in the Algarve, where they discovered that the dog had all but disappeared, they met Senhora Conchita Cinteiro de Castelo Branco, who had taken over the outstanding kennel of Portuguese water dogs that had belonged to a shipping tycoon, the late Vasco Bensaude. Fearing the extinction of the breed, Bensaude had gathered the best specimens he could find over a 40-year period, even dispatching his own fishing vessels to the Algarve in search of dogs. The Millers bought an eight-week-old female from the kennel and named her *Renasçença do Al-Gharb*, and in early 1970 they imported a male puppy, *Anzol do Al-Gharb*. At dawn on June 17, 1971 *Renasçença* gave birth to seven puppies at the Millers' summer home on Nantucket, the first Portuguese water dogs ever born in the United States, and the world population was increased by 30%.

As best as can be determined, the breed was developed in Russia as a herding dog, passed into the hands of the Turks and, following the spread of Islam, arrived in Africa and thence to the Iberian Peninsula. Ships in the Spanish Armada carried Portuguese water dogs as couriers, and after the remnants of the Armada foundered on the Irish coast, dogs and crew members made for shore, where the dogs made their mark upon the Irish water spaniel.

Portuguese fishermen are presumed to have taken the dogs along on voyages to the Grand Banks, and there is a chance they might have gone into the foundation stocks of the Labrador and the Newfoundland. At least Farley Mowat, the Canadian writer and wolf authority, thinks so. Mowat, who is fascinated by Mrs. Miller's work, has informed her that when he was living on a barren stretch of the southern Newfoundland coast he managed to find and buy a native water dog, which he named Albert. Since no female native water dogs were available, Mowat bred Albert to a Labrador in the hope that the pups would have the Portuguese's characteristic white chest and feet. They did. Unfortunately the two females in the litter died, but, for what it is worth, males from the litter are now owned by Prime Minister Trudeau and Premier Kosygin. "It is fascinating

to think that at long last a water dog has gone back to Russia," Mowat wrote Mrs. Miller last year.

With luck, the Portuguese water dog could enter the AKC's miscellaneous class within a few years. How long it stays in this canine limbo before receiving full recognition and the opportunity to compete in the show ring largely depends upon public acceptance. As one of the first steps toward getting into the miscellaneous class, the Portuguese Water Dog Club held its fun match at the Millers', with Mrs. Hoyt and Bernard Berman, an AKC judge of four working breeds, on the panel. This was like getting the Papal Nuncio and a bishop to draw numbers at the Wednesday Bingo bingle of a new parish.

Part of the idea of the match was to acquaint newcomers with the breed and the dogs with show-ring procedure. The 18 dogs entered were a mixed bag. Some came in show clips like those for poodles; a few were couched in a mass of curls and looked like frizzy sheepdogs. Others, of the wavy-coated variety, suggested retrievers or spaniels. A few of the dogs were skittish and quarrelsome, and some had light eyes, not looked upon with favor in the breed. There was also a marked disparity in the sizes: the breed standard calls for a weight of between 35 and 55 pounds. The winner, or best adult dog, was the Millers' original male import, Anzöl, handled by Joseph Gratton of Albany, N.Y.

For all the criticism—and it was to be expected because that was the prime reason for the match—there was hope. Mrs. Hoyt said, "I'm interested in this breed because it's a poodle, and it's a very good poodle. I prefer its head to the pointy poodle head in fashion now. I would like to help this breed, and I would recommend it to someone who lives near water, or to a young married couple with children. It's a good watchdog."

Among owners there was talk of which direction the breed should take. A few, like Melvin Dichter of Stamford, Conn., would like to see the breed join the sporting group of the AKC. Dichter is planning to train his dog to retrieve ducks and geese, and the club has scheduled a water and field trial to be held next summer. After all, the poodle was originally a retriever, and where but in the water would you expect to find a Portuguese water dog?

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Cashing in on Marvin's guardin'

Webster also rebounds and scores as Morgan monopolizes Division II

Bringing down 740 rebounds in one season equips a big man, but not necessarily a grown-up. Morgan State's seven-foot Marvin (The Enforcer) Webster is both. Those 740 rebounds—an NCAA record for a season—coupled with 21 points and eight blocked shots a game led Morgan State to the NCAA Division II title last year. Then for the second time Webster, the deeply religious son of a Baltimore preacher, quipped a large offer from the pros to remain in school because, as he puts it, "Money can't buy happiness and I wasn't physically or spiritually prepared."

It appeared that Webster carried some of his lack of preparedness into this season when he had only 10 points in a 56-48 opening-game win over Loyola of Baltimore. But The Enforcer was his old self the next night against the University of Baltimore with 23 points, 19 rebounds and five blocked shots. As the Bears have run up a 6-2 record, he has averaged 18.4 in both scoring and rebounding, even while fighting off the after-effects of hepatitis.

"I'd love to win the title again, but basketball isn't the most important thing in my life," says Webster, who is blessed with his father's Sunday-morning voice and the looks of a young Muhammad Ali. "God comes first with me, followed by my family, people in general and basketball. I'm not sure what my destination will be in this world, but I would like to play some pro ball, to earn a living like anybody else. So my most immediate concern after this season has to be signing a contract. I can't escape that."

It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of this unusual 22-year-old as he talks about what he wants out of life. It's no wonder friends ask him to talk to their little brothers about staying out of trouble.

When Webster was a senior at Baltimore's Edmondson High School, he wanted to go to the University of Maryland. He had never even seen Morgan State's campus, though the college is only 30 minutes from his home. However, Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell felt he already had enough height in Tom McMillen and Len Elmore and suggested that Webster take his 6'10", 165-pound frame to a junior college and come around again in two years. Webster, now 235 pounds, has tried to honor that request, but Driesell now refuses to schedule the Bears.

Webster was joined at Morgan State by a handsome young coach named Nat Frazier. "Can you imagine that I didn't even have to recruit Marvin? That he was free?" says Frazier, who drives a \$10,000 Mercedes and should be coaching at a higher level very soon. "We're both preachers' sons and have gotten along well from the start. I thought he was good as a sophomore when we went 20-8, but last year he simply dominated the college division. He had 39 points and 32 rebounds in one game, 38 and 29 in another and 13 blocks against Stillman. Remember when Maryland Eastern Shore was 20-0? We knocked them off 72-70 in their next game. Marvin had 30 points and 22 boards."

At the end of the season Morgan State was selected for the Division II tournament and virtually wrapped up the championship in a tough semifinal game with Assumption.

"I think our players were intimidated by Webster's nickname as much as anything," recalls Assumption Coach Joe O'Brien. "But The Enforcer never lets you get an easy two inside, he won't let you get a sneak started and you're not going to get many tips-in either. On the other hand, if Morgan hasn't gotten anything the last couple times down the floor, you know they're coming inside to Webster. Unfortunately, he can shoot it too."

The particular talent which most astounds Webster to pro scouts is what O'Brien calls "rejecting and retrieving." He means that instead of blocking the ball out of bounds and giving it to the

opponents again, Webster usually spikes the ball right back into the face of the shooter and creates the strong possibility of a turnover.

Utah was the first pro team to recognize Webster's potential, if not his whereabouts, when it tried to sign him after his little-publicized sophomore year. The Stars' second choice in the 1973 undergraduate draft is still listed as "Marvin Webster, Oregon State." Last year, after Morgan State had won its championship and Webster had been named Division II Player of the Year, Coach of the Year Frazier spirited his superstar off to New York to avoid a similar hassle from the Philadelphia 76ers.

That left The Enforcer free to pursue the NCAA career-rebounding record of



THE ENFORCER KICKS OUT ANOTHER SHOT

2,334, which he could break before tournament time. And a straw poll of pro teams that have a chance to pick first in the NBA draft indicates that Webster will probably be the No. 1 choice, no matter how many 57-point nights North Carolina State's wonderous David Thompson comes up with.

"Am I really considered that good?" Webster asks. "I'm not so sure. Sometimes I don't feel like showing somebody for position or getting rough. I just like to use my speed to hustle around people and get the job done. And sometimes I feel sorry for my opponents."

Bleeders are the rock.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

EAST Most of the action occurred in tournaments, including the Choo Choo Classic in Chattanooga, the Cannonball Classic in Crawfordville, Ind., and, most important, the Maryland Invitational where host Maryland defeated Georgia Tech 105-67 and UCLA knocked off St. Bonaventure 78-62 in the first round. During the final between the Terps and Bruins, Maryland failed to take advantage of the absence of UCLA's 7'1" center Ralph Drollinger, who had fouled out. Maryland, which had trailed 36-20 in the first half, was only one point behind when Drollinger exited with 3:39 to play. Replacing him was Marques Johnson, who zigged in seven straight points to carry UCLA to an 81-75 victory.

On the eve of a Holiday Festival game in New York against Rutgers, USC Coach Bob Boyd nervously recalled a meeting between the two leagues last year. Southern Cal won that one 82-81 despite 43 points by Phil Sellers, who made Boyd even more uneasy by scoring 32 points in an opening-round 89-81 win over Simon Hall in the Festival. To try to stop the Scarlet Knight from doing the next night, Boyd's Trojans became Sellers' dwellers, but the Rutgers got 32 points nonetheless. Once again it was not enough as USC prevailed 61-46. That moved the Trojans into the title match against Providence, which beat Manhattan 82-70 and St. Joseph's 94-66.

At the ECAC Ocean State Holiday Classic St. John's sand-to-hood Providence reached the finals. St. John's defeated Rhode Island 78-56, then stunned South Carolina 78-77. A basket by freshman Bruce Campbell with 12 seconds left gave Providence a 75-75 win

over Holy Cross. The next night the Friars cracked Drake and its core 83-73.

Old Dominion, a small-college squad, took its own Classic by clipping Columbia 80-87 and surprising California 84-73.

Following a 112-91 loss to Real Madrid in the finale of the International Christmas Tournament in Madrid, Spain, North Carolina flew home to face Utah. Instead of suffering jet lag, the Tar Heels matched second-half sparks with the visitors. Carolina made 12 of its first 34 field-goal attempts and the Utes 11 of their first 16. Despite Utah's Ticky Henderson, who made 39 of 59 shots and had 44 points, the Tar Heels won 94-90.

Playing furiously at the start of the second half in North Carolina State Coach Norman Sloan's favorite way of having his team unnerve an opponent, The Wolfpack worked that strategy perfectly against Kent State. David Thompson hit nine of his first 14 shots after the intermission as his way to a 30-point performance, and the Wolfpack ended up with a 94-61 triumph. In its next game, State trailed Pitt 36-33 at the half, but put on another blitz for an 86-70 win.

Oh, yes, Tennessee-Chattanooga dragged past West Georgia 85-82 for the Choo Choo title and Coe skidded past Slippery Rock 80-78 to win the Cannonball Classic.

1. N.C. ST. (18-0) 2. MARYLAND (15-0)

MIDWEST "I came to Ames saying we'd run and shoot, but all we've been doing is walkin' and talkin'," said Iowa State's new coach, Kenrick, when his team arrived at the Big Eight Tournament in Kansas City, Mo. with a 3-5 record. But once the games began, his Cyclones hurried up, shut up and made it to the finish, setting a tournament scoring record by drubbing Colorado 107-82 and stopping Kansas State 82-54. In its romp over the Buffaloes, Iowa State had a rare seven-point play: it converted all five free throws, resulting from a foul and three successive technicals, and then scored on the ensuing possession when Art Johnson laid in two of his game-high 33 points. Karnis joined the Cyclones in the finals. In defeating Oklahoma State 88-68, the Jayhawks stole 21 of their first 34 shots from the field. Then they overhauled Nebraska 63-62, coming from 32 points behind as Tennessee Smith scored eight of his team's final 15 points.

1. LOUISVILLE (7-0) 2. MEMPHIS STATE (8-0)

MIDEAST Having been slapped with four technical fouls in Marquette's first five games, Coach Al McGuire vowed not to get any more. He easily survived without a "T" in a 100-70 lark against Georgia on the opening night of the

Midstate Classic. And he even made it through the six games against Virginia, but just barely. Giving McGuire the most reason to shout in frustration was 6'7" Wally (The Wonder) Walker, of whom Cavalier Coach Terry Holland says, "He's a great outside shooter. It's just too bad we're playing indoors. But seriously, he's got all the shen—typhoid, diphtheria." Walker sank 17 of 26 from the floor and had 36 points as Virginia took its opener from Wisconsin 86-78. Against Marquette he had 20 points. But McGuire, sitting and figuring instead of jumping and yelling, came up with an assortment of defenses: first, a modified zone; then a box-and-one; then a triangle-and-two and finally a 1-2-2 zone that throttled Virginia 73-53.

Since being humiliated by Indiana 88-74 in mid-December, Kentucky has had five impressive wins. The Wildcat's porous defense was superb in last week's 100-63 devastation of Kansas and the offense glitzed in a 113-89 victory over Notre Dame. Kevin Grevey had 35 points, and against the Irish two 8'10" freshmen centers, Rick Robey and Mark Phillips, made 14 of 18 field-goal attempts.

Penn State came to the Gator Bowl Tournament with a 2-2 record, a fast-moving offense that John Bach was using for the first time in his seven years as State's coach and little hope of winning. But the Nittany Lions defeated Jacksonville 75-73 and upset Memphis State 61-54. Center Rudy Meister picked up 33 points and the MVP award, and Bach won his first tournament ever.

DePaul's Ray Meyer gained his 350th win in 33 years of coaching when his Blue Demons scuttled Marshall 104-77.

Alabama stopped Virginia Tech 77-73.

1. INDIANA (18-0) 2. ALABAMA (5-0)

WEST Oregon and Washington State made it to the Finals of the Far West Classic in Portland. The Ducks beat Creighton 75-66 and in a matchup of untested teams and scrambling guards, topped Arizona State 80-76 even though ASU's Lionel Hollies outscored Oregon's Ron Lee 30-21. Washington State, which first beat Wake Forest 67-61, trailed Oregon State by seven points with three minutes to go, but the Cougars came up with three trevs, turned such into a basket and won 68-63.

Advancing to the title game in Honolulu's Rainbow Classic were Indiana and Hawaii. The Hoosiers had 32 points by Steve Green as they whipped Florida 98-84 and 24 by Scott May in a 100-71 laughter against Ohio State. Hawaii beat San Jose State 64-63 when a last-second Spartan basket was disallowed and downed Villanova 75-65.

1. UCLA (18-0) 2. USG (16-0)

Oscars for three stars

For most dollars, titles and class, 1974 awards go to Johnny Miller, Gary Player and Arnold Palmer, while the author awaits the new season

It's a strange starting point for a backward look at 1974, but the golfer I admired most last year was Arnold Palmer. I don't suppose he has ever done as poorly—no wins and only \$36,293 in earnings—in his life, but he set a marvelous example of sportsmanship.

Some of our young "stam" on the tour could learn a lot from Arnold's deportment. Here is a man who has been such an outstanding golfer that a lot of people seem to think he invented the game, and now he often is struggling to make the cut. Does he start beating his clubs on the ground or hockey-sticking his putts or walking out of tournaments? No. He just goes on working and keeping the anguish to himself, and smiling when it hurts the most. I admire that. He is a true pro. I think Arnold has handled himself beautifully.

I think you will see Palmer in the winner's circle again this year. He certainly isn't too old—in fact, he looks in as good shape as he has ever been. What I think has happened to Arnold is that he is relying too heavily on his putting. Ten years ago he was the greatest putter the world has ever seen, but now he puts no better than the rest of us do. Therefore, he is under tremendous pressure on the greens, which in turn eventually affects his long game.

It is a vicious circle that is easy to get into: when you don't hole the long putts, it puts pressure on the rest of your game as you try to hit the ball closer to the pins. That often makes you miss more fairways and greens, which increases the pressure on your putting. . . . But I think a man with Arnold's talent and desire is going to find a way out sooner or later.

Johnny Miller's outstanding year—eight victories and more than a third of a million dollars in prize money—did not surprise me. Miller's swing is the soundest on the tour. In fact, I'd try to teach

his technique to a youngster starting out to play golf: a powerful setup with the ball close in, upright arc, hands high and well under the club at the top, strong leg and hip action, a big, high finish. Undoubtedly one reason I like Johnny's technique so much is that it's basically the way I try to play.

When he is right, Miller knocks his balls closer to the hole more often than anyone on the tour. Last year he capitalized on that with some fantastic putting spells—five, six, seven one-putts in a row. That's inspired putting, the kind of thing Palmer used to do, and still expects to do. I've had my magic moments, too, but generally my good years have come from what you might call consistently adequate putting rather than flashes of brilliance. I'd take Miller-type flashes anytime.

Actually, I don't think Johnny impressed himself nearly so much last year as he impressed the sports world. Eight victories is certainly good for the bank balance, but what I bet is on his mind as he looks back and forward—is his major championship record. After the kind of year Johnny had, it's easy to have a letdown the next season (which is what I think happened to Tom Weiskopf in 1974). But it is my guess that not finishing in the top 10 last year in the Masters, the U.S. Open and the PGA will prevent this happening to Miller. Those and the British Open are the titles that endure, that put your name in lights. Miller wants them, and I think he'll come out in 1975 as hungry as ever. One thing on his side is that he did not start to reach physical maturity until his mid-20s, and now at 27 he is just attaining his full strength. Another asset is his capacity to compromise, his ability to barricade himself within himself. I'll be surprised if he doesn't win several major championships within the next few years.

Still another of Miller's strengths is his knowledge of his own golf swing. Here is the factor behind the disappointing 1974 showings of Ben Crenshaw and Larry Wadkins. Both have great natural talent, flair, energy and desire, but as yet neither understands his own swing well enough to be his own teacher. I was lucky in this respect. Back in my mid-teens Bobby Jones told me that the true cause of his lean years was his need to run back to his teacher every time something went wrong with his game. "I was a pretty fair player all those years I had someone to depend on," said Jones, "but I became a really good player only after I'd worked the golf swing out for myself and could correct my mistakes without outside help."

Until I spoke to Jones I had always needed to ask my teacher, Jack Gross, "Why?" whenever he told me to do something, and Jack as part of his teaching system had always been careful to explain the "why" along with the "what." My talk with Jones intensified that approach, with the result that by the time I turned professional at 21 I knew enough about the swing's basic cause and effect factors, and their relationship to my own style of play, to be able to take my game apart and put it together again inside my head.

It seems to me that Crenshaw, Wadkins and some of the other youngsters on the tour still have to perform that learning chore. If and when they do they'll be awfully tough.

Lee Trevino is a fellow who should inspire these youngsters to make the effort. Lee is the straightest driver on the tour, using a swing that when broken into pieces seems mechanically flawed but as a whole is one of the most effective and efficient actions in golfing history. Supermen is also a keen strategist and an excellent putter, and he is an intense competitor when he cares, as he certainly did when he won last year's PGA and World Series. But none of those qualities would earn him his fare without his deep basic understanding of what he himself—not Sam Snead or me—has to do to hit a golf ball. Given that understanding, plus his capacity for working on his game, his unorthodoxy becomes immaterial. Hubert Green, three times a winner last year and a much-underated player, is similar

to Trevino in possessing this kind of self-knowledge, although he is Lee's complete opposite in terms of method.

I was asked a couple of times last year how I felt about Gary Player breathing down my neck in terms of major championship wins. Gary's 1974 Masters and British Open victories gave him a total of eight in 16 years. Eliminating my two U.S. Amateurs (a tournament Gary never had the opportunity to play in), I have

second in money winnings to Miller after heading the list for three consecutive years. (If I had won the World Open playoff, instead of Johnny, we would have been fighting down to the wire for this

As a result my putting, which also was 864 at its best last year, came under heavy pressure, and too frequently it failed to bid me out.

Despite all these problems the record book shows that in 14 of 19 years I finished in the top 10 and I was in the top five nine times. Most notably in my own mind, I had a real chance to win the Masters, the British Open and the PGA, and managed to finish in the top 10 in all four majors, despite playing plain lousy golf at Winged Foot in the U.S. Open on a course whose design and undemanding condition I loved. Looking back now on these and other tournaments, I can see definite evidence that professional golf is



MILLER SET A MONEY-EARNING RECORD



PLAYER WON TWO MAJOR CHAMPIONSHIPS

honor.) Yet my scoring average for the year was 70.1 strokes per round, as compared to 69.81 in 1973, 70.23 in 1972 and 70.1 in 1971. Curiously, Miller's average this year was also 70.1.

Last year was definitely disappointing for me, as much in terms of lack of improvement as in lack of achievement. Until this year I could fairly say that I had improved some phase of my game every year since I turned professional. An honest assessment of 1974 indicates at best a status quo. I drove the ball straight when I had to, which was chiefly when the design or condition of the course demanded it. At other times I drove less well than in the past three years, which caused me to miss more greens, and in turn to do more chipping. I have never been a great chipper, but in 1974 I was worse than ever despite a lot of practice.



PALMER BORE ADVERSITY GRACEFULLY

getting tougher and tougher. In past years, final rounds of 69, 70 or even 71 frequently gave me victory, but this year time and again I'd finish with that sort of score only to lose to someone else's closing round of between 65 and 68. That represents a challenge I shall be energetically responding to in 1975. In fact, I can hardly wait.

END

won 12 majors in 13 years. Gary is four years older than I am, but he still has a lot of winning golf left in him, and the desire to produce it. So do I, which could make it an interesting race, except I think both of us are going to have too many problems in other areas to worry about each other.

Just how competitive the tour has become today, in comparison with my early days as a professional, is exemplified by my own 1974 performance. I failed to win a major championship; I won only two tournaments, as opposed to seven in both 1972 and 1973; and I finished a distant



When an NHL game gets hot, Andy must keep it from boiling over

Applesauce's recipe

A waiter in the back room of Bookbinder's in Philadelphia snapped to Andy Van Hellemond's signal and rushed back to his table.

"Yes, sir?" the waiter asked craphy.

"Ah, er, you forgot my applesauce," Van Hellemond mumbled.

"Applesauce?"

"Yes, my applesauce."

"Applesauce with . . . crab meat?"

The waiter gave Van Hellemond a quizzical look, scratched his head and stumbled off to the kitchen.

Van Hellemond fought to maintain his serious pose. "You're not going to write that I love applesauce, are you? If the players ever find out that I love applesauce, well, I'll never hear the end of it." Right, Andy. So, for the information of

Bobby Clarke, Phil Esposito and the other 360 referee baiters who play in the National Hockey League, Andy Van Hellemond is an applesauce freak. He pours globs of the stuff on his eggs, his steaks, his fish, his toast, his vegetables—even on his ties.

Andy Applesauce, the other referees have dubbed Van Hellemond. By any name, though, he is the only *newer* can *level* graduate of a crash training program that the NHL instituted in 1967 when the league discovered it did not have enough competent officials to satisfy the demands of expansion. The 26-year-old Van Hellemond is the youngest referee working regularly in major league hockey, but in his three NHL seasons he has displayed a degree of decisiveness, common sense and poise that some of the league's senior referees have failed to acquire. "The kid doesn't rattle because he knows what he's doing," says one NHL general manager who usually prefaces any mention of referees with a choice epithet. "Besides that, he's not one of those stuck-up pretty boys who think the crowd paid his money to watch them instead of the players."

What Van Hellemond really has become is a young Lloyd Gilmour. The 42-year-old Gilmour is the NHL's best official because he is virtually an invisible man on the ice, letting the players make the game and intruding only as a last resort. Try to hoodwink Gilmour by faking a trip, and he will respond by making a diving gesture with his right hand. Van Hellemond might lack Gilmour's cool disdain, but he knows how to deal with the gripers. "One night Van Hellemond shut up one of my players by telling him, 'Listen, pal, if it weren't for expansion, you'd probably be playing in Saginaw,'" said an NHL coach. "You know, he was right, too."

If not for expansion Van Hellemond himself probably would be in Saginaw. Like most referees, Andy Applesauce is a semi-frustrated player. "I survived junior hockey all right," he says, "but I wasn't a fast enough skater to play pro." Instead, he took an office job with a Winnipeg steel company and moonlighted nights and weekends as a referee.

Then, in the summer of 1970, Van Hellemond was sitting at his desk when a strange thought ran through his mind. "I'm going out for applesauce," he told the boss. He left the office, jumped into his car, raced to the airport and caught

the next flight to Toronto. On arriving, Van Hellemond took a cab to the suburban home of Scotty Morrison, the NHL's referee-in-chief. Morrison was not at home; he was visiting one of his supervisors. Van Hellemond returned the next day. "I got letters from people all the time telling me they want to referee in the NHL," says Morrison, "but Andy was the first person ever to present his case at my front door."

Although Morrison was understandably impressed by Van Hellemond's brashness and self-confidence, he sent him back to Winnipeg with one of those "Don't call me, I'll call you" assurances that the NHL would keep its eye on him that winter. By then Van Hellemond had graduated to a moonlighting job in the same junior league in which he had played three years before. Morrison, who has more spies on his staff than the CIA, was in fact receiving bi-monthly reports on his work. At the end of the 1970-71 season Morrison hired Van Hellemond, and now he works 55 to 60 NHL games a season as well as a dozen or so minor league games, such as last Thursday night's exhibition in New Haven between the Soviet National Team and the New Haven Night Hawks.

Unlike most officials, Van Hellemond is hardly a package of nerves as he waits for a game to begin. "I don't need to be calmed down," he says. "If I ever get to that point, I'll probably get out." As an official he operates with a simple philosophy. "The rules are a guide for the intelligent administrator," Van Hellemond says. "Every check could be a penalty if we interpreted the rules to the fine letter of the book. To my way of thinking, though, unless something has a very appreciable effect on the progress of the game, the game should not be interrupted." Before each game Van Hellemond rereads selected sections of the NHL rule book and studies a special 32-page "situation handbook" that Morrison passes out at the start of each season and updates with occasional directives. "Question," cries Van Hellemond. "The goaltender breaks his stick. A teammate gets a new one and slides it to him along the ice. Penalty? Not unless the moving stick interferes with the moving puck or puck carrier." Van Hellemond pauses for a moment. "A referee has always got to be sure of himself," he says. "I must work with complete conviction. If he knows the rules perfectly and applies them prop-

erly, a referee should not have too many problems."

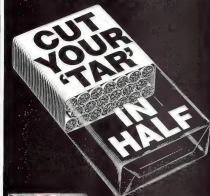
What Van Hellemond does worry about are his position and his posture on the ice. For some peculiar reason NHL goal judges—the men in the glass houses who flash the red light when a goal is scored—have been extremely trigger-happy this season. "If the goal judge puts on the light and I'm not in a position to see whether the puck went into the net, then I'm in trouble," says Van Hellemond. One recent night in Philadelphia the Flyers were storming Chicago goalie Tony Esposito's cage when the red light suddenly went on, telling the capacity crowd of 17,067 that the Flyers had scored another goal. Bedlam! And there was Van Hellemond frantically waving "no goal, no goal" with his hands. He had seen the play clearly because he had moved into a position directly behind the net, with his eyes practically crushed in the twine. Van Hellemond was in such complete command that the Flyers did not bother to protest his decision. "He saw everything clearly," says Flyers Captain Bobby Clarke. "If Van Hellemond had been over against the boards and out of the play, we could have given him a good argument."

Van Hellemond's debating posture is fairly tolerant. He listens briefly to the complaints, but once a player speaks his mind, Van Hellemond expects him to disappear. Prompt! "Referees can save a lot of trouble and a lot of time by talking to players for a second or two, as long as they don't abuse the privilege," he says. "If someone charges over toward me and just starts mouthing away, I'll tell him, 'If you stop, you're gone.'" Or, as he told the Flyers' Dave Schultz one night, "I don't see a C or an A on your jersey [for captain or alternate captain, the only players theoretically allowed to argue a call], so beat it—or else."

"I don't like to get personal, and I don't expect them to get personal," Van Hellemond says. "A player once asked me if my mother had any kids that lived, so of course I ejected him from the game. What I prefer, though, is not to make calls in front of a player's face. None of this 'Bang-bang, you're dead' type of thing. It can only antagonize people. The trick a referee has to accomplish is to establish himself without being overly forceful or overly antagonistic."

Should be easy for a man who can get applause with his crab meat. **END**

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AFTER THE SUNDOWN

BY PAT JORDAN

Ahead of an athlete, especially one who knew euphoric days of fame, lie retirement and the pain of adapting to another world



ILLUSTRATION BY [illegible]

An athlete—any athlete, but especially a famous one—carries everywhere an indefinable resource, a certain glow that can only be dimmed by his ceasing to be an athlete. This resource, tangentially the inheritance of fame or talent, may be real or illusory. In the eyes of nonathletes, however, the athlete is different. He is privy to certain mysteries that elevate him. He is blessed in a world of the unblest. In his book "The Summer Game" Roger Angell writes, "... we had never made it. We would never know the rich joke that doubled over three young pitchers in front of the dugout; we would never be part of that golden company on the field, which each of us, certainly for one moment of his life, had wanted more than anything else in the world to join."

Membership in this golden company brings a host of privileges. For an athlete certain rules are suspended,

amenities not required, life's unpleasantness diminished and his every deficiency muted in the eyes of nonathletes. In his presence the conversation invariably revolves around the athlete, his talent and his sport. Even far removed from a stadium he remains the center of attention, the hub of a private universe that is satisfyingly simple. An athlete floats above the complex and the disagreeable, which become for him the unreal. His private world is the real world.

The loss of all this at the end of a sports career can be traumatic. The athlete fears it far more than his desecrating talent or giving up his salary. The following profiles show what happened to two professional athletes—Pitcher Jim Bouton and basketball player Art Heyman—who retired from competition while still quite young and found themselves in that other world.

It is 1 p.m. Football Coach Tom (Bul) Bulwith stands with his players and their mascot, a small goat that is urinating on the stage in the William L. Dickinson High School auditorium. Eight hundred students are screaming, chanting, cheering, stamping and otherwise exhorting their team to victory in tomorrow's game. Bulwith, a veteran coach in his first year at Dickinson, had not expected such a rally at this soot-stained, brick-Gothic school whose students ordinarily drowse in class and litter the graffiti'd halls with milk cartons, candy wrappers and cigarette butts. Dickinson, located close by the turnpike in the smog of Jersey City, has difficulty raising its students for any endeavor, especially football since the team has not won a game in five years.

The cheering, however, seems off-center. It is not directed toward Coach Bulwith, who is shouting into a microphone at center stage, but to the right and below, at the foot of the stage where Jim Bouton, the former New York Yankee and now CBS-TV sportscaster, is aiming a microphone at the chanting students while a camera crew films them. The students, as if on cue, rise from their seats and surge toward Bouton. On stage Bulwith turns slightly and tries to follow them with his voice. Bouton is swept up in the panderousness. "Jeez, look at 'em!" he shouts. "Imagine being 16

again! I'd give \$10,000 cash to be tomorrow's quarterback!" The chanting students surround him, press him back against a wall and he disappears from view. Meanwhile, Bulwith has made a 90-degree turn and is shouting exhortations at the backs of the students.

3 p.m.—Driving back to the CBS building in Manhattan, Bouton says, "Any good reporter twists reality. He alienates it just by the way he sees it. In my case, I alter it twice: once by the way I see it, and a second time just by my presence. My being there with a camera affected the way those kids acted. Who's to say how. You never know. Partly, it's just the camera and partly it's my being there, rather than my reason for being there. I ask them how it feels to lose 43 games in a row, and they ask me for my autograph. All they are thinking is, 'Hey, man, I'm talking to Jim Bouton!' It's nice being recognized, but I feel I would be anyway. It makes my job more fun but it doesn't help me do a good job. It would have made a better story if I could have gotten those kids to sing the school fight song. But all they wanted to do was cheer."

5 p.m.—Bouton, shirtless, bends forward, sticking his head into a sink. He turns on the water and begins shampooing his hair. Beside him is the crumpled

CBS men's room, Ron Swoboda, also an ex-Yankee and now a sportscaster, lathers his face with shaving cream, leans toward a mirror and begins to shave.

"We are doing our toilette," says Bouton from the sink bowl.

Swoboda, examining one half of his shaved face, says, "That's right, Jim. We always do our toilette before we go on the air."

"No kidding," says Bouton. "It's a tough habit to break. As a ballplayer you always took a shower and shaved as soon as you got to the clubhouse for a night game. It made you feel good, freshened you up so that you felt like you were starting the day all over again. It was a shock to discover that people in the real world didn't do that. They showered in the morning and that was it."

Bouton and Swoboda take great pains with their afternoon toilette partly because they are not as sure of themselves in their present profession as they were in their former ("Would you believe," says Bouton, "that we got more letters commenting on how we look on TV than what we say?") and also because it is a link with the clubhouse camaraderie of the past.

Bouton lifts his wet head from the sink, rubs his hair with a towel and says, "Can I borrow your drier, Ron?"

"Sure you can," says Swoboda, and he hands over a woman's hair drier.

"You know how it is, Ron," says Bouton, fingering strands of damp hair. "I can't do a thing with it. Those frizzies."

"Yes, Jim, I know just what you mean. The ends split. The technique is to dry them while you're combing."

"You better believe it, Ron. That's the great thing about this ConAir, Pro-Style hair drier. It lets you dry your hair without blowing it all over your face." Bouton bends over so that his hair falls toward the floor, then turns on the blower. Through the noise, he says, "Can you imagine a ballplayer from the '30s walking into today's clubhouse? All those guys with their hair driers. Jeez, I'd love to see that."

When his hair is dry and he has taken pains to see that it looks properly ruffled (a few quick tosses of the head until it falls in place), Bouton says, "Seriously though, this is the kind of thing I miss most. Locker-room humor. I used to love the bawdy way of ballplayers. You never find that gross humor in the real world. Around here, if you have a complexion problem nobody mentions it. In the locker room they call you a 'pizza face.' That may be cruel, but it's an open, refreshing honesty, the kind of thing you'd expect among young kids. Maybe that's why I loved sports. They provided an extended childhood. Everyone else was wearing a suit and tie and you could still be a child. There were other things, too. Special privileges. My bags were carried, my room arranged, my uniform hung in the locker, a special parking sticker always on my car. Everything was arranged. You flowed through the system with all the little annoyances eliminated. A place was made for you at the head of the line. Now I have to make my own reservations, carry my own bags—little things, really, but a constant reminder of what I no longer am. It's a hard reality to face. Jeez, I used to love waking up in the morning. It was great to get out of bed knowing you were a big-league ballplayer. It was fun to walk down the street. You felt good, physically and mentally, and never seemed to get colds like other people. You felt you could knock down walls. Of course, I never thought baseball was an important thing. But I was lucky to be doing it. A guy I played with says I was a fan who got to pitch in the big leagues. Willie Mays wasn't a fellow player to me, he was the Say Hey Kid.

"It was like getting on a bus heading for Oregon and getting sidetracked in Las Vegas. You only have a dime in your pocket so you figure, what the hell, throw it in a slot machine and pull the lever. A whole load of dimes comes out, so you go to the roulette table and you win there, and before the day is over you've got all this money, someone else's money. Know what I mean? You wake up and say, 'What am I doing here?'"

"There were disadvantages. I hated the travel, being away from my wife and kids half the year. But there was even something good about that. The time I did spend at home was richer, the hours with the kids more important. Now I see them all the time and things are not the same. At a ballplayer everything was richer. You had more extreme ups and downs but that just made the taste buds work better."

Bouton puts on his shirt, his tie and then a black velvet sport jacket. He studies himself in the mirror, narrows his already narrow eyes and leaves the room.

Walking through the CBS studio, he says, "If I had a chance to be a big-league tomorrow, I'd leave this job in a minute. When I was on the way out with the Astros—just before *Ball Four* was published—ABC-TV offered me a job for twice the money I was making. The network said I'd have to leave the Astros immediately. I said, 'Are you kidding? Leave the Houston Astros just to be on television?' I finally took the job when the Astros shipped me back to the minors."

"I was terrified when I left baseball, a fish out of water. I still won't admit my career's over. I know the date and the hour, but my mind refuses to accept the fact that I couldn't go back if I tried. I'm only 36. Sometimes I'm pitching in this semi-pro league in New Jersey and for an inning or two I can feel it all coming back. After the game you say to yourself, 'I've got it again! If I work a little bit for the next few weeks I can get it all together. I'll get back there.' And the crucial thing is, the minute you start thinking that way, it's gone. The next game you're warming up and it's not there. You say to yourself, 'No, that's not it. Be patient, it'll come.' It isn't there after the first inning so you start the second, saying, 'No, you don't quite have it, but don't panic, there's still time.' And you go through the whole game and the touch never

comes back. So for the next few games you forget about it, and then about a month later it comes back again for an inning or two. You start all over. It's like an evil elf tempting you."

6:30 p.m.—Bouton is sitting in a barber chair in a brilliantly lit room and scrutinizing his image in a huge mirror. Also reflected in the mirror is a Farmacia counter littered with soiled tissues, artists' brushes, pencils, pastel crayons, jars of pancake make-up. Standing beside Bouton is a short, heavyset woman with a smooth, pink, baby face that is perfectly made-up. While Bouton watches, she pencils in his eyebrows and carries on a conversation with a gray-haired woman seated on the other side of Bouton and absorbed in her knitting.

The woman with the baby face puts down her pencil and stares at Bouton's reflection. Satisfied, she picks up an artist's brush, dabs it with make-up and begins covering Bouton's forehead, the hollows of his cheeks and under his chin. His face grows orange as she works. He watches her carefully, and when she finally puts down the brush they examine the result. His face has lost all its tone and is a solid, deep orange. There is no hint of beard. He moves his head slightly, left, then right and, finally satisfied, gets out of the chair.

"It's the camera," says the make-up lady. "It distorts reality, adding 20 pounds to a person's appearance. You need make-up to distort the person's face in such a way that when he gets in front of the camera the face appears the way it would in reality. By distorting it with make-up, it looks natural."

6:40 p.m.—Roland Smith, Dave Marsh, Ron Swoboda and Pat Collins, members of the CBS-TV news staff, are sitting behind a long, irregular desk under bright conical lights in the studio that serves as the Channel 2 early evening news set. They read from a script or smile straight ahead while, in the shadows, television cameras roll forward for close-ups, pause, and then retreat into the shadows as other cameras advance. In the darkness behind the cameras Bouton is waiting for the cue to replace Swoboda on the set so that he can deliver his newscast on Dickinson High School and its losing streak. Bouton, fidgeting with his tie, says

continued

in a hushed voice, "There's a great similarity between being on television and pitching before thousands of people. In both cases you're working under pressure, you have to be able to concentrate, to be able to focus on one thought quickly, and then just as quickly stand off from it. It helps to be a little tense. Most guys try to eliminate that tension before they face the camera. I like butterflies in my stomach. When I was pitching I tried to manufacture butterflies. I used them to get a better pitch out of myself. I still do."

While Boston is talking, Marash is delivering a news bulletin on recent developments in the case of Hurricane Carter, a black boxer serving a life term for murdering three men in New Jersey. Two witnesses to the murders seven years before have just come forth to say they lied at Carter's trial, when they swore they had seen him at the scene of the crime. Marash finishes, and there is a pause on the set for a commercial. Boston slips into Swoboda's seat, shuffles through his papers and prepares to deliver his story.

7 p.m.—Just as he is about to leave the CBS building for supper, Boston receives a telephone call from a woman chastising him for making a fool out of the wireless high school football players. Boston tries to explain that he wasn't trying to make a fool of anyone, that he really does hope the team wins its game tomorrow. The woman says something. Boston replies and slams down the receiver. The call has upset him. "How could anyone take offense at that story?" he says. "It was just a fairy story."

Boston treats everything he talks about on television as a humorous vein. Even when he is being sharply critical of, say, the baseball Establishment, he strives for humor. This is his nature. Often he hits his mark. But when he does not, the result is strained. He is a natural entertainer, inclined to deal with the quick, the light, the superficial. He says, "I could have put in for the Hurricane Carter story, but decided not to. I took the Dickinson kids instead." He shakes his head. "That Carter story, I don't know. The magnitude of it scared me."

8 p.m.—Two attractive women in their 20s enter the restaurant—a dark, paneled, rowdy pub with an Irish name

that gives it the license to charge \$2.50 for a hamburger. They notice Boston eating supper and move to the empty table beside him. Without glancing up, he smiles and says, "Things are going to go downhill from here." Then he returns to the subject of conversation. "The television job just fell in my lap. It scared me to think what I'd be doing if it hadn't. I like TV now. It has a lot of the advantages baseball had, pays a nice salary, and there is the recognition factor. When people keep asking for your autograph you don't feel you've lost it. I can have an impact. There are millions of people out there whom I can make see things through my eyes. Sometimes, though, you feel helpless. You wonder, do they really care what you think or say, or is it just that they're curious because you're a celebrity? Once you become a public personality everybody wants to use you for some cause or other. If I was rich I'd give them my money; if I was a nobody I'd give my time. Because I'm a celebrity I give them my face. You wonder, too, should they pay attention to you?"

"I'm trying to show people that sports are fun, that the guy playing touch football in Central Park or the Dickinson team trying to break a losing streak is as important as the professionals. People should play sports more and watch less. I really loved to play baseball. When I wrote my book I wasn't trying to knock the game, just trying to show people how much fun the sport was. It upset me to go on a television talk show where they would sit me down with Duke Meggynny. He would be wearing his New Left hippie costume and talking about the evils of football and society, and I'd wonder what the hell I was doing there. If I had my way right now I'd go back to the locker room. I might not fit in anymore, but I'd still like to do it."

Throughout the conversation the girls have been casting glances at Boston. There is something about him that is strange, unreal. It is his face, waxy and orange. He has not removed his make-up and here in the restaurant, away from the distortions of the television camera, he looks unnatural.

"I live from month to month, doing whatever seems interesting at the moment," Boston is saying. "Sometimes I wish I could do something anonymously.

You know, like working with wood. I love the smell of freshly cut wood. I'd love to go off with my firmly someplace and just make things. But I don't think I could. Everyone would think I was crazy. If I really did go to the country, I might go crazy. Working with wood sounds nice, but maybe it would smell rotten after a while. Jeet, waking up every morning seeing that same wood. I'd have to enter something in a contest. I'd have to win a prize. And when I did, everything would change."

In the back seat of a taxi moving through New York traffic, Arthur Bruce Heyman, a balding, 33-year-old businessman, is silent. His face is blank. His mouth is open, long jaw drooping as if unhinged, eyes wincing as if with pain as he tries to focus on a half-remembered moment in his life, a moment once filled with intensity but grown hazy with the passage of time during a life now devoid of intensity. He leans forward and hugs himself. His knees are jacked up in a fetal position, and slowly, rhythmically, he begins to rock, back and forth, back and forth.

In 1963 Art Heyman, a 6'5" senior at Duke University, was voted the college basketball Player of the Year by the Associated Press, *The Sports News* and the Atlantic Coast Conference. During his three varsity seasons he led his team to national rankings (10th in '61, 10th in '62, second in '63). Heyman was a three-time All-America and captain of the Duke team in his final year. "I put the school on the map. I was the first guy who ever went to Duke," he says, ignoring—or oblivious of—the athletic contributions of men like Ace Parker, Sonny Jurgensen and Dave Sime.

The product of affluent parents, Heyman grew up on Long Island in an area where everyone his age wanted to own a car, while he wanted only to play basketball. "I had to play by myself," he says, "so I would go to Manhattan Beach in Brooklyn where guys like Connie Hawkins and Tony Jackson hung around. There were about 10 of us, and I was one of those who didn't get caught in the fringe scandals a few years later. The fixers never approached me because I was too affluent. They

continued

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figured I didn't need the money."

Heyman graduated from high school with superior grades and nearly 300 offers for college scholarships. One morning Adolph Rupp appeared on his doorstep. Rupp told Heyman's mother that her son should go to the best basketball school in the country, where he would be coached by the best basketball coach in the country. Mrs. Heyman, smiling, said, "Really, Mr. Rupp. And where's that?"

"He was speechless," says Heyman. "At the time I could have gone to any basketball school I wanted, but I was on an ego trip. I wanted to prove that even without basketball I could get into the toughest schools. I'd already had offers from Yale and Harvard, which knew about me, so I applied to one of the few schools that hadn't offered me a scholarship, Williams College in Massachusetts. I applied like any other student. I was going to pay my way if Williams would just take me as a student. But the school named me down. When I told a friend what had happened he called the Williams coach and told him the university had just turned down the best high school basketball player in the country. The coach went out of his mind. The next day I got a call from Williams. They told me my application had been reevaluated and I had been accepted after all. I told them to go to hell."

As in many of the stories Heyman recounts about his career, the latter may be an exaggeration, if not a downright fabrication; these days officials at Williams College deny it. Recalling his more glorious past, Heyman remembers things as they should have been for a man of greatness.

He enrolled at Duke in the fall of 1939 because the basketball team was only fair and it appealed to his vanity to imagine that he could singlehandedly reverse its fortunes. He had a genuine affection for the new head coach, Vic Bubba, whom he describes as being "like a father." Heyman needed a father, for it soon became obvious that his talent for basketball was exceeded only by his talent for troublemaking. He was involved in numerous fights both on and off the court, one of which (a fraternity-house scuffle in which he allegedly struck a pre-med student causing him eye damage) resulting in Heyman unsuccessfully being sued

for \$85,000. On another occasion he was accused of assaulting a North Carolina University male cheerleader at halftime. The charges were dismissed.

On still another occasion he claims he absconded with a 19-year-old Duke coach, crossed into South Carolina and checked into a motel for the weekend. He signed the motel register Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Robertson. ("Oscar was always my hero," he says.) The clerk knew that Heyman, a white man with a New York City accent, was not the Big O, so he promptly called the state police, who arrested Heyman and charged him with violating the Mann Act. In jail, he was allowed one phone call. "I called Bubba," he says today. "He phoned the Duke president, and he called the governor of North Carolina, who called the lieutenant governor of South Carolina. That man got me out of jail and flew me back to Duke in his private plane." Again, the principals deny the entire story.

"I was the biggest thing that ever happened to Duke," says Heyman. "At that time it was a Methodist school that hadn't integrated, and I, a Jew, was the star of the team. Of course, not too many people knew I was a Jew. They thought I was a Wasp from Connecticut. Those Southerners couldn't comprehend a Jew being a great athlete. I was always getting letters of praise from organizations like The Fellowship of Christian Athletes, and a man in Tanglewood named Shelton used to regularly exhort me to keep upholding the principles of white Christian supremacy. Once he offered me a membership in the Ku Klux Klan. He was the head of the Klan. Man, I really loved Duke. I was a hero."

Once Heyman left the university he never was a hero again. He did, however, continue to play basketball. He was the No. 1 draft choice of the New York Knicks and received a sizable bonus. He played with the Knicks for two years without cracking the regular starting lineup, and in 1945 was claimed on waivers by the San Francisco Warriors. All told, Art Heyman played six seasons of professional basketball with seven different teams in the NBA and ABA. At times during those years he was a good basketball player, but more often he was merely a journeyman.

Not surprisingly, he takes little delight in recalling his professional days. "I never

er did live up to my God-given potential," he says. "It's the one thing I feel bad about." The reasons for this failure, he claims, are varied, although he refuses to admit that his talents simply paled in comparison to those of players like Jerry West and Oscar Robertson. Heyman blames his failure on a chronic bad back and the fact that "I couldn't adjust to the cold professional attitude. It was a head thing with me. When I first came into the NBA I was dedicated, but the other pros didn't care. They would go through the motions all season and only try hard in the playoffs. During the season they only hustled the last five minutes of a game so they could make the point spread. Without gambling nobody would watch a pro game."

"I remember one night against the Royals in Madison Square Garden. We were losing by 30 points with five minutes to go, and nobody would leave. The fans were waiting to see if the Royals would make the spread, which was 22 points. We cut their lead to 21 with five seconds left and the fans were going wild. Finally Jerry Lucas [then with the Royals] hit a 30-foot shot at the buzzer to boost the Royals over the spread, and the fans ran onto the court and carried Lucas off on their shoulders. I couldn't adjust to that. In the pros everybody's out for himself. Guys like Walt Chamberlain would push away little kids asking for autographs. Man, these guys should thank God for what they got. Instead, they're making \$300,000 a year and bitching about the long season, how tired they are, how they have to wake up at nine o'clock in the morning for a team meeting, and here's some poor guy stuck on the thruway every morning at seven o'clock trying to get to the city. I'd like to see those jocks go out into the real world instead of living in that fantasy world. Man, I thank God I had a brain so I could make it outside of basketball."

"I was 28 when I quit. I could still be playing, but I was disenchanted, wanted to do something else with my life. I loved basketball. In college, if I let my team down I couldn't sleep. I would have been the greatest basketball player ever if only I could have found that college atmosphere in the pros."

Heyman retired from professional basketball in 1970, playing his last game with the Pittsburgh Pipers. He had been

told he would need a spinal fusion if he were to continue. His back still causes him such pain that the slightest unexpected movement makes him grimace. He walks with his shoulders hunched, his torso pressed tightly to his sides, his legs stiff and unbending. He can take only the thinnest steps, as if shackles bind his ankles, and each painful stride jerks his shoulders left, then right. The walk was made famous by Charlie Chaplin, only Heyman's is even more restricted than Chaplin's, and Heyman is so much taller, a towering man, a trusted Gulliver in a world of Lilliputians. Heyman takes whirlpool treatments and almost daily massages at Opus; the combination restaurant/discotheque/health club he recently opened on New York's East Side. He cannot avail himself of the club's exercise room, paddleball court or billiard table because of his back.

Opus is unimpressive on the outside, with a drab concrete facade and a prominent proclaiming its name, but the interior is plushly decorated in a style best described as Baroque Gothic—crushed red velvet and mahogany. It is only one of the many business investments Heyman has made with the bonus he received from the Knicks before his rookie season. During his playing years he invested wisely in Southern real estate and New York City discotheques so that today he is relatively wealthy, leading an entrepreneur's life—waking at noon, lunching at his restaurant, checking e-mail, counting the house, greeting people, sitting for long hours in a booth off the dining room, waiting for the last of his patrons to leave before closing up and returning to his apartment at dawn.

Heyman was sitting in the Opus bar one recent midnight, waiting anxiously while Bob Arum, the promoter of Evet Knievel's Snake River Canyon jump, dined with friends. Whenever Arum's waitress passed, Heyman whispered in her ear, listened to her reply and nodded. Sitting across from Heyman and looking equally anxious were his business associates in Opus, Joel Korby and Dr. Arthur Weider. Weider was wearing a white plantation suit and smoking a cigarette in a long holder. Korby, seated in crushed velvet, resembled a twentysomething Joel Grey. Beside Heyman sat his girl friend of the moment, a thin, plain girl with a Brooklyn accent. She had only known

him a few weeks but found him not at all what she expected. "I'd heard he was such a wild man," she said. "But he's nothing like that."

"No one would think I ever was an athlete," Heyman said that night. "I don't even think of myself as an athlete. I don't feel like one anymore and shy away from jocks and people who knew me then. I'm a businessman. I would feel like an intruder in that jock world. You are forgotten quickly."

Bob Arum appeared, looking for the men's room. Heyman motioned to him and asked about Knievel's jump. After some small talk in which Arum complimented Heyman on the decor of the restaurant ("Very classy, Art, very classy") and wished him luck, Heyman could restrain himself no longer. "Bob, how was your sink?"

Arum passed a deliberate bear, and then said, "It was very good, Art, really good."

"No, tell me the truth. How was it?" Arum nodded. "It was O.K. Not bad."

Korby blurted out, "We got to know, Bob. It's important to us."

Arum threw up his hands. "Well, actually, it could have been better."

"Thanks, Bob," says Korby. "That's the kind of thing we got to know, else how are we going to improve?"

"Actually, it could have been a lot better," added Arum. "It wasn't too good at all."

Shortly after midnight Heyman and his girl friend left Opus for the short taxi ride to his other East Side restaurant, the Goblins Knob, a less flamboyantly decorated singles bar managed by Heyman's ex-wife Barbara. "We're on very good terms," he said.

Barbara Heyman is a striking strawberry-blond with huge eyes, an upturned nose and moist, pouty lips. She bears a



close resemblance to Xavier Cugat's discovery, Charo. Like Charo, she, too, has a soft, full figure, although there is nothing of the dumb blonde about her. She was born and raised in Texas, has lived in New York City for seven years and now possesses that typically New York wariness about things and people that tends to give her soft physical appearance a sharp edge. She met Heyman when he was with the Pipers. Then, he had the confidence only an athlete can have, knowing his every deficiency, personal or physical, would be masked by an inexhaustible resource, the drawing account of his fame.

"Art is a very intelligent man," his ex-wife said. "He is the kind of man who could fall out of an airplane and land on his feet. We are good friends, even after the divorce. I don't know if I should mention this but, well, you see how he's getting bald. He's so conscious that he's losing his hair that whenever he has a big date with a new girl he comes over to my place and makes me sit and wash his hair, and then comb it over his bald spot."

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN

Sir:

Your choice of Muhammad Ali as Sportsman of the Year was as much of a surprise as Ali's first victory over Sonny Liston. I have been an Ali follower since his 1962 KO of Sonny Banks in New York, and it would be pointless to dwell on his boxing achievements since then.

I would hope that your choice of Ali was based as much on his position as a man as on his athletic ability. His absence from boxing during the time he was stripped of his title gave us a good insight into his unique personality. In 1967 it was not popular to refuse induction into the armed forces, for whatever reason, and Ali's stance was widely condemned. His belief in himself and in what he stands for makes him a man for the times, times when this country sorely needs a popular hero. You made the perfect choice, in the *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* style. Not just another superstar, but an athlete whose overall impact is greater than his contribution to sport.

MICHAEL BAY

Windsfield, Vt.

Sir:

A few years back I had the opportunity to sit and talk with Muhammad Ali in Jacksonville International Airport, where he was waiting for his flight to depart for South Carolina.

Before he entered the jet, I told him my father (Bernie) thought he was a bragger and that he was condescending. I think Ali's answer, in just, tells you something of how nice the man can be. "If I ever see your daddy, you tell him that I'll catch him up some dark alley and I'm going to whip him until he apologizes for all those bad things he said about me. And you listen to me, Bernie. After I whip Joe Frazier and Howard Cosell, I'm going to give you hell. Now I don't want any trouble out of you, Bernie, cause I'll call up Rap Brown and burn your house down."

If Ali can take the time from his schedule to joke about someone he will never meet, that's a tribute to the man. I know when my grandchildren ask me about Muhammad Ali, I'll just bring out the tape of that interview.

Sportsman of the Year? An excellent choice.

MARTIN PERMUTTER

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir:

I am very disappointed in your selection of Muhammad Ali as Sportsman of the Year. I can't agree that a one-night shot in Africa that didn't last 30 minutes is worthy of

your award. Lou Brock and Johnny Miller applied their skills all season long and established records in their fields that won't be broken for some time.

If Ali were to fight four times a year, maybe, just maybe, I would consider him a likely choice. The award is for the Sportsman of the Year, not the Sportsman of the Night.

JOHN NIGRO

Dallas

Sir:

Muhammad Ali has not displayed any of the qualities of behavior that would elevate him to the plateau of sportsman. Praising this kind of behavior sets a poor example for the young kids involved in sport and seems to uphold the idea of winning at any cost.

KEVIN E. CARROLL

West Palm Beach, Fla.

Sir:

Winner he is; sportsman he is not.

LINDA JOHN AND LEWIS COLLINS
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Sir:

Muhammad Ali brayed and bragged for days before his fight with Foreman. He insulted and humiliated Foreman during and after the fight. He continued to brag and brag for weeks afterward. He is no sportsman. Winner of the year, probably. Comeback of the year, possibly. Sportsman of the Year, never.

W. G. BARNES

Tulsa

Sir:

It is even more difficult to justify a title such as Sportsman of the Year for Muhammad Ali when one compares his accomplishments with those sportsmen shown on pages 86 through 89 of your Dec. 23 issue.

DON WILSON

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir:

Heartiest congratulations on your choice of Muhammad Ali as Sportsman of the Year!

My friends are extending their sympathy to me since they feel that I, as managing director of the Johnny Miller Golf Academy in Scotland sponsored by the American Leadership Study Group, must be most disappointed by your choice.

No way. Miller had a great year, is an incredible athlete and a fine person. But Ali is in a class by himself. He is a true hero to millions upon millions of people of

all races, and is probably the brightest, wildest, most clever and entertaining personality we have to provide relief in these gloomy times. And, when fit and determined, he's the best boxer who ever lived.

Johnny Miller? Only after Ali ratings.
MICHAEL FORAN

North Brookfield, Mass.

Sir:

Well, you've done it again. Muhammad Ali for Sportsman of the Year. What a farce. How quickly you forget. Early in the spring the whole country had its eye on one man. And for good reason, since he was attempting to break the greatest sports record in the world. That man of course is Henry Aaron. Bud Henry went through some very tough times trying to break the record. Withstanding all this pressure should have been enough to give him the award. After he hit No. 715 he should have been given it right then and there.

Ali went out and did what many have done, won a heavyweight championship. Aaron did what no man has ever done.
GLENN KLEIN

Park Ridge, Ill.

Sir:

I have followed Muhammad Ali's career since I was a young man back in Rockwood, N.J. in the early '60s. I'm very pleased with your selection and George Plimpton's story. Ali has paid his dues.

HARRY JOHNSON

Gretna

20 YEARS

Sir:

Congratulations on 20 years of fine sports journalism and an excellent end-of-the-year effort. The Christmas issue has to last two weeks, so it was nice to find every article worth reading.

W. H. EVERMEIER

Gretna, Pa.

Sir:

The nostalgic sporting moments were good, but your look into the future of sports was a marvelous display of creative journalism.

BOB SALTZBERG

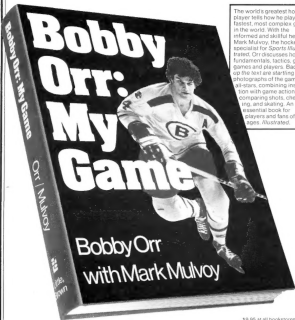
Norwood, Mass.

Sir:

Here are the answers to what should be a quiz on pp. 32-33: Duke Wottle, Muhammad Ali, Pinal Pete Matwrick, Red Auerbach, Paul (Bear) Bryant, Johnny Unitas, Wilk Chamberlain, George Foreman.
NORMAN HILLMAN

Lamy, Va.

Bobby Orr is hockey. And his book is pure Orr.



The world's greatest hockey player tells how he plays the fastest, most complex game in the world. With the informed and skillful help of Mark Mulvoy, the hockey specialist for *Sports Illustrated*, Orr discusses hockey fundamentals, tactics, great games and players. Backing up the text are startling photographs of the game's all-stars, combining instruction with game action, comparing shots, checking, and skating. An essential book for players and fans of all ages. *Illustrated.*

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19TH HOLE continued

ON BECK

Sir:

During the last four years I have spent much of my time promoting the attractive features of platform (quiddle) tennis, both in this country and abroad. I happen to believe the sport has more appeal than regular tennis. Barry McDermott's article on the Cleveland tournament (*Paddling Out of the Country Club*, Dec. 2) was entertaining. I do wish, however, he had concentrated more on telling the reader why the sport has suddenly erupted in popularity and why many experts predict it will inevitably become America's next major participation pastime. The reason is simple: platform tennis can be enjoyed by everyone.

A couple of minor corrections. The first APTA-sanctioned professional tournament was held in November of 1973. It was sponsored by National Distillers and played at the Sea Pines Plantation Club on Hilton Head Island, S.C. The winning team received \$3,000 for a trip to Europe. The first platform tennis tournament for cash (\$4,000) was the Mercedes Benz Classic, which McDermott attended to twice in his piece. It was staged on Amelia Island, Fla. the week before the Cleveland Masters. Eight of the top nine nationally ranked teams competed. If your readers would like to see the "Champions" playing this outstanding racket and ball sport at its best, highlights of the Mercedes Benz tournament will be shown on CBS Sports Spectacular, Sunday, Feb. 23.

Finally, I really do not see why a tennis numeral after a person's name has anything whatsoever to do with his athletic prowess. Doesn't McDermott know the name of the finest tennis player who ever lived? William Tatten Tilden II.

DICK SCHLES
Vice-President, Marketing
Courts Marketing Inc.

Clinston, Mich.

Sir:

While it was good to see platform tennis recognized by your magazine in the article on the Cleveland Masters, you should have noted that in addition to Chasmerys and Caringtons there were Bettys and Barbans in Cleveland. The winners of the women's Masters were Pat Reed and Joan Perrine, who defeated Maddy Hill and Nancy Mangin.

At the Summit Tennis Club we are very proud of our women players, including Pat, Joan and Maddy.

BILL PUCH
President
Summit Tennis Club

Summit, N.J.

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The White Elephant

(Smirnoff, white creme de cacao, 70-140)

This drink is aptly named. We couldn't discuss it among ourselves without arguing. Otherwise, we'd have told you about it ages ago.

We agreed on the Smirnoff. We agreed on the creme de cacao. But was a White Elephant made with milk? About that, we couldn't agree.

So, we tested the drink both ways. The milk version won hands down. "Delicious," tasters told us, "You hardly know you're drinking liquor."

"That's why we opposed putting milk in the drink in the first place!" said the people who had opposed milk in the first place. "It goes down too easy."



That's a problem we hadn't faced before. This drink has 2 ozs. of liquor in it and if you don't notice it at first, you are sure to feel it later. So, hopefully you'll treat it (and yourself) with respect.

To make a White Elephant: Pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. white creme de cacao and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

Smirnoff

leaves you breathless®